

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General.

TWO nations standing at the extremes of a commercial policy are making the whole world wonder by the extravagance of their beliefs. Great Britain is pursuing the free trade idea to a point of folly which is inconceivable. The United States is chasing the phantom of protection in a way which passes the understanding of a reasonable on-looker. Canada, standing between the two commercial fanatics, is to a certain extent a sufferer on account of the unwisdom which is at either hand.

Before the reciprocity treaty with the United States was abrogated, Canada was creeping closer politically as well as commercially to the great nation which held the hand of this country so fondly in its own. When that treaty was discarded, for many years this Dominion has been vainly fumbling to again get hold of the commercial hand of the United States. It has got sick of this pawing about for an irresponsible touch, and nothing has grown more rapidly in Canada than the hateful feeling that Canada is despised by the United States. The people of this country are too large and strong and independent to tolerate any sense of inferiority which is forced upon them by those who may perhaps be numerically stronger and commercially richer than we are. This resentfulness is probably the strongest factor in our politics to-day. Great Britain must also understand that we do not propose to accept any snubs even from our near relatives. The enthusiasm which made of Canada a recruiting-ground for the South African war does not now exist. The political necessity which induced the Liberal party to show its loyalty to Great Britain by providing for a preferential tariff of 33 1/3 per cent. in favor of the Mother Country, is no longer in existence. Our dealings with Great Britain can now be discussed by the two leading parties in this country with no flavor of disloyalty clinging to the garments of the Government. Canada has discovered that Great Britain is irrevocably insular, selfish and unteachable. Driven by war extremities into a taxation of food stuffs, Great Britain refused to give the colonies a preference, though Canada in the first place had given Great Britain a marked advantage in our markets. Our cattle are not permitted to enter Great Britain, free as our animals are of disease, on terms more favorable than the cattle of other countries. Admittedly we are barred out because it would be to the disadvantage of English cattle raisers to have our animals enter the byres with the native product. The great wave of enthusiasm which swept over Canada Australia and New Zealand has disappeared. The cold clammy commercialism—what we in this country consider to be the cold, clammy, damn foolishness of English commercialism, not to mention military damn foolishness—has wiped out all that was achieved in years of shouting, in millions of sacrifice in money, and in incalculable donations of blood. That we are further away from Great Britain to-day than we have been for decades, is an absolute fact. That we were never further away from the United States than we are to-day needs no argument. For, as I said before, resentment against the United States is the greatest factor in Canadian politics in this year of grace and prosperity.

Thus these two nations have apparently sought to divorce Canadian sentiment, and no matter to which we reach our hand, it finds no response. There is no reason why Canada should stand like a beggar at the place where the roads separate, and have its outstretched hand spat upon by those who pass by. Our mute attitude of dependence does us no good. The population we are obtaining from the United States is accompanied by the jeer that we are being "Americanized." Great Britain, rather than sacrifice a title of her dignity, refuses to heal the old French Shore difficulty in Newfoundland. Newfoundland, it is said, has made an abject petition for reciprocity with the United States which will close Canada out of her business. Most insulting of all is the attitude of the United States in this Newfoundland situation, the New England senators refusing, it is said, to accept even the humiliation of this British colony, certainly belonging to Canada, but which went as a mendicant to Washington. And Jamaica and the West India Islands are hanging about Washington, hat in hand, asking for trade privileges. Canada, absorbed by temporary prosperity and absolutely devoid of statesmanship, is permitting these island kingdoms to go begging, and eventually to become lost either to this country or to Great Britain. Is it not time that some master mind should arise in Canada and originate the idea of making this the great rival of the Republic which has always harassed us and which holds us in such extraordinary contempt? It seems to me evident that what Canada needs is not politicians, but a GREAT STATESMAN, and if he is not developed within the next few years it will be very hard to say what our future will be. It is always very difficult to predict either the honor or dishonor of one who stands between greatness on either side and is spurned by both.

THE unusual, particularly when it is commented upon by Conservative papers opposed to any innovation, amounts to something like a sensation. The visit of Mr. Chamberlain to Africa is the most natural thing in the world, for he has been accused of being the author of the Boer war. Nevertheless, the visit of a Colonial Secretary to the colonies seems an extraordinary thing to the Home people of the British Empire. Why should it be extraordinary? For if the Colonial Secretary is to be capable of attending to his business he must know the business to which he is to attend. The pudding-headed notion of many Britishers that the colonies can be attended to by those who never saw the colonies, is ripe for removal. The United States has become a great rival of Great Britain, and Canada is becoming a great rival commercially of Great Britain, and the great producing areas of Australia and South Africa are invading the dignity and commercial supremacy of the Mother Land. If Englishmen understood how ridiculous any Colonial Secretary appears when he begins to handle Canadian business they would rejoice to see him going about to see with what little wisdom he has governed in the past. Whether it was Mr. Chamberlain's fault that the Colonial Conference amounted to so little, or whether he did the best he could with the opposition with which British prejudice encumbered him, it may be thoroughly understood now that the wave of Imperialism, of pro-British legislation in the colonies, is fairly well over. What might have been accomplished by the giving of the smallest possible preference to colonial goods entering the British Islands cannot possibly be accomplished by Mr. Chamberlain's tour to South Africa. Even if he came to Canada he would find Imperialism a dish grown cold, something that has been left over until it is stale. The wave is past and we cannot hear even its wash on the rocks of materialism. Those who love cannot love always unless there is some affection shown in return. There is no danger of Canada falling in love with her neighbor; that also is a love grown cold. Just about now we are in love with ourselves, we are holding our own hand and saying sweet things to the other ear, and no gush from the outside is making us blush.

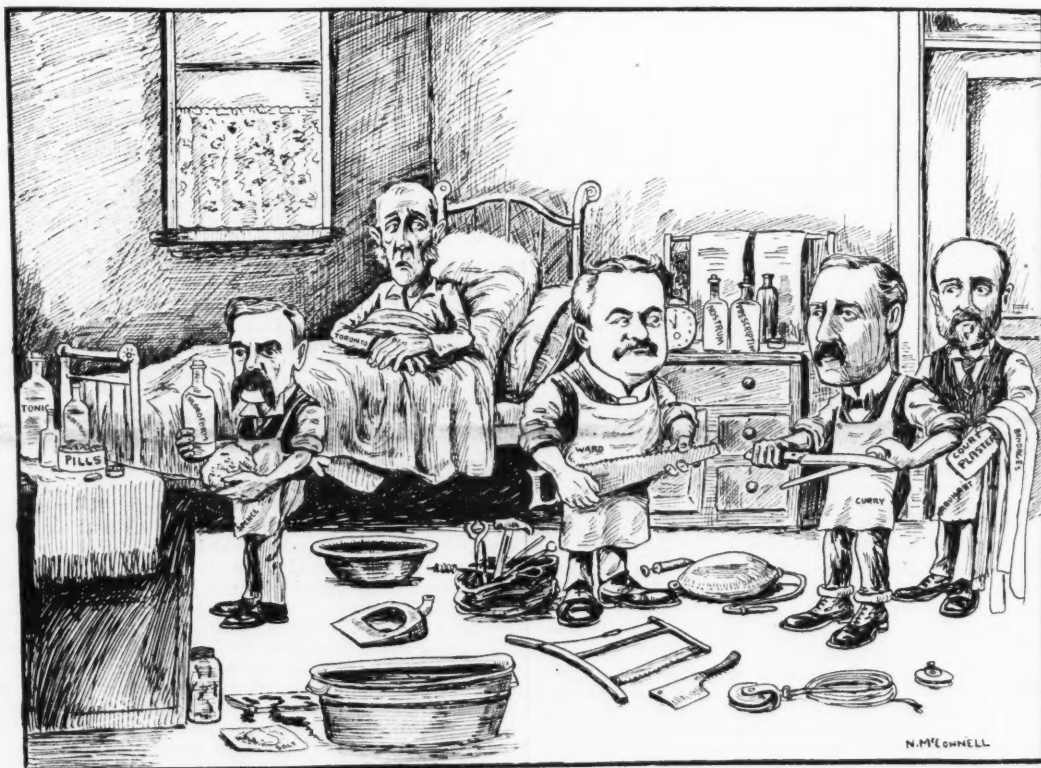
BEFORE another issue of "Saturday Night" reaches its readers, the prohibition vote will have been taken. In the last days of the campaign the prohibitionists have succeeded in making quite a stir, and the idea seems to be

abroad that the liquor interests are by no means as sure of saving their bacon as they were a short time ago. The weakness of the anti-prohibition cause, as managed in the campaign now drawing to a close, has been its silence in the face of attack and the unwillingness of its disciples to show themselves and give a reason for their existence. There is a hesitancy on the part of a great many who cannot subscribe to the "thou shalt not" attitude, to appear in the role of the apologists and friends of the publican. The prohibitionists have made capital of the apparent inability of the opponents of their fad to come forward publicly and defend their stand on this question. Of course it is not necessary for a man to be a frequenter of bar-rooms or a friend of King Alcohol in order to have a status as an anti-prohibitionist; and the anti-prohibition cause must have been wretchedly served by those who are managing its interests in this fight, or advantage would have been taken of the fact that many temperate men and total abstainers—citizens of standing who are in no sense apologists for the whiskey ring—are able to give a sane and intelligible reason on moral grounds for their hostility to prohibition. There is no reason why an open and above-board campaign should not have been engaged in to offset the enthusiasm worked up all over the province by the strenuous and loud-voiced methods of that small and fanatical section who flatter themselves that they can reform the world by legal enactment. But the liquor interests have been either too apathetic, or too mean-spirited, or too niggardly to devise or execute a plan of defence on broad grounds that would enlist the services of men outside the trade, and would strike the popular imagination. Though fighting for their livelihood, they have failed to look at the matter from any side except the certainty of sure and easy victory. That victory is never sure, and seldom easy, is a truth admitted by those who have experienced fluctuations of public opinion as recorded at

these things. The great North-West is being sought after by Yankee capitalists who are bunched United States farmers on to the lands which at one time could not be given away. The Canadian Northern, otherwise Mackenzie and Mann's road, otherwise Hill's road, is also pushing out to the coast with 1,500 miles already of constructed lines. It is looking for subsidies. The Lord only knows when the Mackenzie and Mann combination will ever cease to look for subsidies, loaded down as they are with contracts which carry kingdoms of real estate as bonuses.

Every Canadian must feel a certain amount of pride and something approaching enthusiasm, if not ecstasy, in viewing the development of our great West by railroad companies. Ontario has paid three-fifths of all the taxation which has been used in producing this development. Ontario has not had back her own, up to date. The Canadian Pacific and all the other railway companies developing the West are seeking for short cuts to the tide water which leaves this province on the dump. No matter how the Western people may shout with regard to what belongs to them, and no matter how profoundly their delegations may talk when visiting Ottawa, the fact remains that Ontario has the greatest moral mortgage on the North-West, the greatest string that is tied to the lands and development of that country, now in existence.

Since the lands owned by the Canadian Pacific, lands given to them for the construction of the road, and so situated as to practically control all the other lands within a reasonable distance from the line, have been found to be of exceedingly great value owing to the influx from the United States, the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific have apparently become envious and eager to obtain some millions of acres of real estate upon the same easy terms. This should not be permitted. When we go



MUNICIPAL "REFORM."

Mr. Toronto (to the aldermanic quacks)—"You have dosed me with your nostrums and bled me with your leeches, and now you want to carve my anatomy beyond all recognition. My constitution mostly requires a rest. There's such a thing as too much doctoring."

the polls. Two hundred and twelve thousand, seven hundred and twenty-three ballots marked in the affirmative are necessary to bring the Liquor Act of 1902 into force. I still refuse to believe that the prohibitionists can pile up such a vote in this province. If the rural districts vote "yes," the centers of population, from the towns of three or four thousand up to the large cities of Toronto, Ottawa, and Hamilton, will assuredly vote "no." But the fact remains that the prohibitionists now believe they have a chance to win out, while the liquor interests are not as cock-sure as they were. Even if prohibition is "downed," a heavy vote in its favor will inevitably lead to more stringent legislation against the bar-room. This is the proposition that the liquor people now find themselves up against, and they probably realize that a more aggressive fight, financially and otherwise, would have been in their best interests. If they lose ground as a result of next Thursday's vote it will be because they have not shown ability to see anything outside of their own occupation and its profits. If they do not lose, it will be because of the common-sense views of voters who have no part or lot with the publicans, but object to dictation as to what they shall eat, drink or wear.

A NEW line across the continent is announced by General Manager Hays of the Grand Trunk as a project which his company proposes to undertake. The new transcontinental road is said to be projected from Gravenhurst or North Bay—Grand Trunk terminals—to Fort Simpson, B.C. It is estimated to cost from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Who is to pay this cost? The initial enquiry is important, for Canada has paid the cost of a transcontinental road and is still unconsciously putting aside a few dollars to settle for unfortunately worded covenants made far in the past.

No doubt there is room not only for one, or two, or three railroads, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but tell it not in Gath and whisper it not into anybody's ear in Ascalon, there is no room for a repetition of the old C.P.R. transcontinental scheme. When it was a necessity to find some other means of going from British Columbia to Nova Scotia than by ox-wagons or on horseback, huge grants of land to a transcontinental railway, coupled with enormous grants of already constructed lines, were perhaps excusable owing to the fact that we distrusted our own honesty and ability. That the advantages given them have been used by the Canadian Pacific to their fullest extent and that a remarkably good service has been provided, must be admitted, but this admission does not convey the suggestion that Canada can afford to further fling about its land resources as these land resources were tossed up into the air when the first road was being projected. Conditions have entirely changed in our great West since the pioneer road partially constructed under Government auspices and completed as a private enterprise was projected as something unlikely to pay within the memory of a generation then being born. Now we are better informed with regard to

from the Atlantic to the Pacific nowadays we do not have to walk, nor ride a horse or drive a mule; we have a line of railway which has solved the transportation question as far as a transportation question can be solved when the company hauling the cars practically have a right to make their own rates. If we have three companies the rates will not be any better. If we subsidize three companies to build roads across the continent we shall practically have given away our entire heritage if the prodigality which was a portion of the policy at the inception of the C.P.R. is followed. We certainly have a grand heritage in the West. Nothing could be more convincing of this than the eagerness of railroads to build lines in developing the country which they would like to seize.

There is no necessity for subsidizing any more roads. It will be a crime to give another acre of land to any railroad, for every acre of land is valuable, and every railroad built by a private corporation is an additional chain about the neck of the Canadian citizen. We can afford to build our own roads. We certainly must own every road which is subsidized. In a period of prosperity we cannot afford to forge chains to bind the people to the most dreaded evil of the century, a Transportation Trust. Nothing but the humor, the freak or the self-interest of three men controlling the three great continental lines built and projected in Canada stands between competition and a monopoly in the face of which the Government and the people will be absolutely helpless. One road has already developed into a monopoly which neither Government nor individual enterprise could assail. Given two or three roads under private auspices, and the whole Golden West would be bound and its production and future mortgaged to transportation interests.

Is it possible that at the coming session of Parliament further lands, further inducements, are to be given to further rivet the fetters around the hands and feet of the great West? Surely neither the Mackenzie and Mann nor the Grand Trunk Pacific will be helped either in lands or money to do what it is the Government's plain duty to do! Surely we have had sufficiently numerous and painful lessons in the past to keep us from becoming more involved in the future! The C.P.R. have a good thing, and probably deserve it, because they were pioneers and went in where other commercial magnates feared to tread. The path has been blazed out and the roadway beaten until it is easy, and the political party which believes that another period of wild bonusing and subsidizing and the heaping of favors on to the car of any company would be tolerated, will be swept out of power.

REV. DR. WILD, speaking in Bethel Church last Sunday night, advocated the taxing of the churches and the providing of homes for the poor. The taxes which the city churches escape paying by some theological hocus-pocus identifying them with the good of the State, would build rows of houses every year in which the poor could live in

decency and comfort. It may not be known that there is a certain small section of the poverty-stricken who, even in this godly and goodly city, live much like swine, though all the "good" worship in luxury.

PROBABLY the most interesting and possibly one of the most amusing instances of a man deciding to be great and becoming exceedingly paltry, is to be found in the preaching of a special series of sermons by Rev. Dr. Milligan in Old St. Andrew's Church. Apparently he started out to tell us about the Higher Criticism, but unless the reports in the daily newspapers are incorrect he has shinned off into domestic topics and is telling his hearers that they ought to get married, and is telling married women not to get too gay. The relation of these very pertinent topics to higher criticism of the Bible is not at all evident. It is to be feared that Bro. Milligan, as he skated towards the rotten ice of Presbyterian theology, has got "cold feet" and will probably emerge from the brave encounter into which he entered, considerably discredited.

"WOULD you be kind enough to tell me and the readers of your paper generally if Mayor Howland pursued what would be socially considered the right course in protesting against the toast of His Holiness preceding that of the King? I have had a number of arguments with my co-religionists over this matter and would like to have you decide the matter. Yours, "Roman Catholic."

I entreat my correspondent to recollect that I do not write on social matters and have nothing to do with the columns which may to a certain extent assert a knowledge of what is proper in a social sense. Ethically my belief is that both Mayor Howland and Premier Ross should have seen the toast list before they lent themselves to what proved to be distinctly a Roman Catholic banquet. That they did not do so was an oversight which placed them both in a difficult position. I do not believe that anyone is justified from a social point of view in disturbing by a protest anything which his host may have prepared as the order of the evening. It would have been quite proper for Mayor Howland to have told the presiding officer and toastmaster that he was indisposed, and if the method of procedure was to be followed he would have to leave. Bad health is always a safeguard against remaining when the toast list is disagreeable, and had he not taken advantage of the procedure to benefit himself he might easily have found some excuse for being unable to remain during the banquet. In the case of Premier Ross the same holds good. A little whispered communication to the chairman might have let him out when he saw that the procedure was one that he could not endorse. Personally, I cannot see that either public man could be excused for remaining under the circumstances. How to get out of a situation of that sort without appearing to make a benefit for oneself, of course is difficult. It must be remembered that Mayor Howland benefited by his very well attuned complaint, one must also remember that Premier Ross benefited by not making a complaint at all, and there we have the politics of the whole thing, for the Roman Catholics benefited by exalting the leader of their Church over all civil authority, and the three parties concerned seem to have had a very good turn out of the episode.

I still remain firm in the belief that this sort of thing is disastrous when the citizenship of the country is concerned. To be a professional Roman Catholic is to obtain office. To be unobtrusively a Roman Catholic is to leave one entirely on one's own merits and to be handicapped by the exclusiveness which the Church demands. If the Church would cease to demand exclusiveness and permit its members to fight their way upward without either help or detraction, I imagine that the average attainment of prominent positions would be not less than now in favor of adherents of the Church.

THAT the City Council did wisely in going into the fuel business, and that it would have been a disastrous course to have cancelled the orders for Scotch and Welsh coal, is now evident to everyone. There is a real scarcity of all kinds of fuel for household purposes, notwithstanding that the strike was declared off over five weeks ago. It is said that the large eastern cities of the United States are absorbing nearly all the supplies that can be shipped out from the mines. The railways plead a scarcity of cars. There is always some plausible excuse of one kind or another when the public are being made to suffer. While the weather gets colder and the railways more helpless, the coal dealers are not disinclined to take advantage of the necessities of the people, who are thus made to feel pressure from every direction at once.

THE constitution-tinkers are once again telling us how to reform the city government. This kind of talk about the weak points of the Council and how to make them strong, is an annual pre-election epidemic. It never amounts to anything, because there is never time to consider the various schemes before the elections, and afterwards the aldermen forget all about the need for reform. The present machinery would be satisfactory if it were intelligently worked, and in the same hands any other machinery that could be devised would be equally at fault. The need is for better men rather than a better form of constitution. The difficulty is to get better men to offer their services. And this difficulty will continue just so long as the citizens give their votes to pushful candidates for every other reason than their fitness for the positions sought. Lodge influences, church influences, political influences and the personal pull of the "good fellow" are uppermost in municipal elections in Toronto. The rate-payers have the best reformatory measure in their own hands now by steadily choosing only the best men who offer, and the standard will surely, if slowly, improve.

PREMIER ROSS, whatever other charge may be brought against him, has never been accused of looking after Number One in a financial sense, and the scheme now said to be on foot amongst his political friends to raise a fund of twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars as a tribute to his services to his party and to the Province of Ontario, is a recognition of the fact that in Canada there are public men who, in the midst of exceptional opportunities, have not yielded to temptation to feather their own nests. Could anything be more heart-breaking, however, than this talk of getting up a purse, except the condition of a Premier who went into office poor and became obviously rich? I would not, no matter how great the urgency either political or personal, as a matter of advantage or in a desire to wound, discuss a man's personal belongings or commercial future. The present instance groups itself, however, with several other cases in which Premiers or their widows have been found lacking in means of support. It seems most regrettable that our politics, through which so many contractors have become rich, should almost invariably leave in poverty the men who have transacted the public business with discernment and honesty. It seems a painful situation in which a public man finds himself when



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towards the close of a strenuous, honest and brilliant career he finds himself unable to subsist without that fearsome thing, "a fund," being raised. We all know that the Premier of Ontario, with his very small salary, has calls upon him which he cannot possibly satisfy without exhausting the income which his position affords him. "Poor as I am, I would rather never be Premier or occupy any high position in Canada than ever see the hat passed around for me—though this seems to be the fate of public men. Give me a sunny room in the poorhouse, crowded perhaps with other and undesirable guests, and I will accept it as my right, for I have paid taxes for these things for many years; but never, for God's sake, let me hear the jingling of the pennies on the plate so long as I can either dig or beg. Take the same thing into the higher circle of the Premiership of a province. Why should a man hear the jingling of coin, or why should he in the sickness of despair of ever having enough to live upon, permit the traveling about of the collection-box which is to be his savior from an institution to which he has been a contributor, and of which he has a right to demand shelter?

We pay our public men too little. In the terrible scrutiny which is supposed to be exercised, we are supposed to get the best, and yet for the best we pay the price of an ordinary bookkeeper, though the obligations imposed upon the office are such as no bookkeeper could afford for a moment to submit to. Of all things in the world I hate, it is "a fund." It is a deadly, sickening thing, like the putting away of a corpse, and is made heavy with the odor of the flowers of a death-room. That Sir John Thompson, Sir John A. Macdonald even, and that many other great men have been the victims of this fund necessity, should only teach us that while the presidents of banks get enormous salaries for administering much less important affairs than come into the hands of our Premiers, we should pay, and pay cheerfully, for the time and energy of great men whose declining days should not be made sorrowful by sitting on an elevated seat and hearing the nickels fall into the collection-box which is to pay for their next winter's coal.

It must be embarrassing for a man occupying such a position to either accept gifts of this kind or to refuse them. Premier Ross should not be dependent at his age, and after his career, on the benefactions of anybody who may be looking for Governmental favors. We ought to pay him the salary of a bank manager, or the equivalent of the professional earnings of a successful doctor or lawyer. Twenty thousand dollars a year would not be a cent too much. Seven thousand dollars, the sum he now receives, is not sufficient to more than cover the living expenses of a man who must entertain, who must go hither and thither as the first citizen of the wealthiest and most populous province, and who is looked to to support charitable and religious enterprises of every description. Everything that has been said with regard to the present Premier would apply to his successor, whether he be a Liberal or a Conservative. If the people of Ontario decided to-morrow that Mr. J. P. Whitney was the right man to conduct the Government of the province, Mr. Whitney would be entitled to be decently paid so long as he occupied the position. Twenty thousand dollars a year is the least sum that should be paid as salary to any man who is deemed worthy of the Premiership of Ontario.

COUNTERFEITER STUART, owing to his previous good reputation, was only sent down for four years, though at his advanced age that will probably mean a life sentence. Counterfeiter Gentile, for the same class of felony, was given a much severer sentence—ten years in penitentiary. The difference in the terms was doubtless in keeping with the difference in the general character and reputation of the men. Gentile was known to be the leader of a gang of determined and skilful counterfeiters. According to the United States officers who came here in pursuit of this ostensible fruit vendor, he was regarded as a dangerous criminal. He had come on to Canadian soil to carry on the business of counterfeiting the coins of a friendly nation, and when taken he was engaged in his nefarious art, and had in his possession not only spurious United States money, but the apparatus for turning out counterfeiters of the Canadian coinage. This ignorant and newly arrived foreigner was, of course, without friends or influence of any sort here, and the view of his case taken by the officers of the law was naturally untinted by sympathy. Stuart, on the other hand, both by his years and kindly disposition, undoubtedly made an impression on the hearts of those who came into contact with him. Yet of the two men Stuart probably had the better chance to choose good from evil and to lead an honest, reputable life. He had a trade and was accounted a clever artisan. He was educated, had a home and a family, and all his life had been spent in a community where goodness is rewarded and the evil-doer made to suffer. Gentile, the ignorant Italian, had probably few of Stuart's advantages. It is characteristic of human justice, and probably a necessary feature of our imperfect means of adjusting the balances between individuals, that the unfriended, the ignorant and those who have had the poorest opportunities in life are often punished with a greater severity than those who have willfully chosen the evil path and have sinned against the light they possessed. Stuart, in his old age, brought face to face with the majesty of the law, was a pathetic figure—the more so as he seemed to have so many good points. It appears that he absolutely refused to inculcate those who have been arrested in the same case. This old man, who has probably seen the last of his liberty, seems to be what the men on the street would call a "dead game sport." He knew when he had lost, and quit, and though liberty must be exceptionally dear to a man who has so little of life left to him, he says "he would rather serve Mrs. Raymond's term than tell anything that would incriminate her." It seems doubly a pity, with this side light cast on the old man's character, that after many years of respectability and proven honesty he should go wrong and to the penitentiary as probably the last act of his life.

THE eagerness of those who champion corporations to assert that municipal ownership has been a failure, indicates how dear to the heart of the contractor and log-roller the present system has become. The city of Glasgow has succeeded so well in its experiments in municipal ownership that it is predicted that before long that city will have no taxes at all to pay.

IN Victoria College last week a theological conference told foul of some of the conditions of both the Methodist Pulpit and the P. W. Rev. Mr. Kerby spoke of "The Average Christian" as "not necessary in greater numbers but of a better brand, as he uses the long distance telephone to call up God far away." Chancellor Burwash, while regretting the small enrolment of Methodists during the past four years, also enquired, "Are we enrolling members in the Church without a clear and definite conversion?" Rev. Dr. Potts declared that there is as much need for a revival in the pulpit as in the pew. Rev. Mr. Richardson is reported as saying that "the great trouble is that the Methodist Church is moving away from the supernatural." Rev. Mr. McDonald disputed the existence of an "average Christian." His view seemed to be that a man has to be an individual Christian. "We fail to hear, as we used to, exhortations to people to seek salvation."

This seems to me to be a fair summary, though a very brief one, of this heart-searching conference, and our Methodist brethren should be congratulated by the orthodox upon their adherence to the views expressed. Particularly should Rev. Mr. Richardson be held in esteem by those who believe in the "supernatural" method of their conversion. Those who have had no evidence of a supernatural interference with their worldliness, of course may logically make complaint that while these irresistible, "supernatural" soul-stirrings have been used to rescue others, they themselves have been left undisturbed while probably "seeking salvation" as earnestly as those saved.

Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century.

A Series of Sermons by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., of the Unitarian Church.

II.—THE NEW THOUGHT OF GOD.

My sermon to-night is the second in the series on "Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century." Last Sunday evening I spoke upon "The New Thought of Religion." To-night my theme is "The New Thought of God." As in some measure suggestive of what I am to say, I refer you to three brief Scripture texts: "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" Job 23: 3; "In Him we live, and move, and have our being," Acts 17: 28; "God is love," I John 4: 8.

These texts suggest many thoughts about God—many that our age is thinking. They suggest many questions about God—many that our age is very earnestly asking. In the very nature of the case, there are no questions that are of more constant and unflinching interest to humanity in every generation, land and condition of civilization, than questions about the Power that put us in this world and in whose hands are our destinies.

Every thoughtful child asks very early, "Who made me?" And if the answer is given, "God," then the further questions are almost sure to follow, "Who is God?" "Where is God?" In the case of the child these inquiries are largely matters of curiosity. But when he reaches adult life, or even earlier, he begins to see that there are reasons deeper than mere idle curiosity for asking these questions, and many others related to them. He begins to perceive that the deepest interests that he knows anything about, for himself, and all who are dear to him, and all humanity, are connected with the thought of God.

What brought him into existence? Was it chance? Then what meaning can his life have? What more can he be than a bubble on a stream, soon to disappear and be lost forever? Was he created by blind, unintelligent forces that know not and care not? Then what future is there for him, or any whom he loves? What can death be but an end to all? Is hope anything but a mockery? Can love be anything but a tragedy? Is life itself a good? Would it not be better to be a dog that cannot think about these things? Would it not be better not to exist at all?

But is there not some more satisfactory explanation of the origin of his existence than chance, or blind forces which grind on, creating and crushing without knowledge or care or mercy? Can it be that his own is the highest intelligence in the universe? Can it be that there are pity and love in him, but not in the Power that created him? May it not be, must it not be, that a universe so wonderful as this in which he finds himself has some high meaning? and that beings possessed of such marvelous powers as have been given to men have been created for a destiny larger than an early grave and more enduring than a brief earthly day? Thus we see how inevitable it is that men and women who are not absolutely shallow and frivolous, who have any seriousness and depth to their nature at all, must think about God and their relations to Him. And what is true to-day has always been true. As far back as we can go in history we find men believing in God or gods, and consequently worshipping and trying in one way or another to win the favor or avert the hostility of the Power or powers above them.

And now, what are we to say about this thought? Is it only a thought, with no basis of fact to rest upon? Is this feeling merely a desire, which we have no reason to believe will find any fulfillment? Our age of inquiry, of reason, of science, of ever increasing demand for facts and realities, is submitting everything to the severest tests of investigation. Man's faith in God cannot escape. Is there solid ground for such faith to rest upon? The modern world has no profounder question, and none that affects more deeply the interests of humanity than this.

It must be confessed that there are some who take the atheistic position. But I think they are few, and they do not seem to grow more numerous with the growth of modern knowledge. Even men like Colonel Ingersoll deny, and deny with much emphasis, that they are atheists. They may tell us that they fail to discover what to them seem sufficient proofs of the existence of God, but seldom do we find a man of any considerable intelligence bold enough to affirm that he knows there is no God. Such an affirmation would be dogmatism indeed. In all ages it has been common to call men atheists who were anything but such. If men held views of God different from the majority of their fellows, it was easy to stigmatize them as atheists. In the same way, in our own time, it is easy to make a mistake and call men atheists simply because they do not believe in this or that kind of a God, when as a fact they may believe in one much higher and better. This is not denying that there are real atheists. But, as I have said, they are few. Atheism does not seem to flourish in a world of knowledge. Doubt concerning the existence of God in our day much more often takes the form of agnosticism. Standing in the presence of the confusions and the over-turnings of old conceptions which we see in our time, it is not strange if thoughtful men are sometimes troubled, and ask, half in dismay, What do we know? How can we know? There are two kinds of agnosticism. One is modest, sincere, earnest, reverent. The other is dogmatic, flip-pant, often arrogant, and therefore shallow. The place of dogmatic agnosticism is with dogmatic atheism and every other kind of dogmatism. No dogmatism can do anything for the cause of truth. Jesus said, "Except ye be come as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." It is equally true that only they who be come like little children, that is, who get the modest and teachable spirit, can enter into the kingdom of truth. With the better form of agnosticism it is easy to have sympathy. Its spirit is much like that of many passages of Scripture which it is good for us all to keep in mind—such passages as that in Job, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as heaven, what canst thou do? It is deeper than the grave, what canst thou know?" Christianity has often wandered far away from the spirit of such teachings. It has often set itself up as the special representative of God on the earth. It has often borrowed the authority of heaven for its utterances. It has often claimed an intimacy with the Godhead and the Trinity and the councils of the Most High that a man would hardly claim with his next-door neighbor. I am not sure but that to such a Christianity sincere and thoughtful agnosticism comes on an important mission. Its message is, Lay aside your dogmatism, be humble, be teachable. There is much that you do not know.

And yet, however much there may be to respect in the better agnosticism of our time, and however valuable may be its message to a somewhat too arrogant and assertive and gnostic Christianity, I cannot think that agnosticism is a final form of thought, or one that can bring permanent satisfaction to any earnest mind. Nor can I believe that in our great age of growing light and knowledge, thoughtful and earnest men whose souls are open to the revelations of truth and God that are coming to the world, need dwell very long on its cold and barren plains.

In an age of reason and science, what are the grounds for belief in God? I can answer only imperfectly, but a few thoughts will not be out of place. And first of all, is man's desire for God, longing for God, reaching out after God, which has characterized all peoples in all ages of the world, without significance? Birds have wings because there is air for their use. Fishes have fins because they live in the water. The water and their need to move about in it have created the fins. We have eyes because there is something to see. It is inconceivable that nature should have given us eyes if there had been nothing to see. We have ears because there is something to hear. We have mouths and teeth and digestive organs because there is food which it is necessary for us to eat and digest. Is

(Continued on Page Four.)



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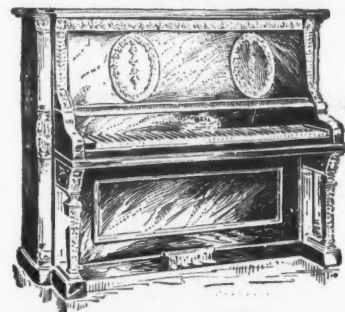
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Social and Personal.

Dr. and Mrs. Sheard have returned to their new and elegant home in Jarvis street, which is now one of the finest in the city of Toronto. There are many decorations and adornments in marble and ornamental stones, the finest of which is green Brazilian onyx, rare tilings and carved woods and silken hangings, but the most exquisite effect of all is the mural painting designed and executed by Miss L. O. Adams of Toronto, the well-known artist. Miss Adams has been long to the forefront in ceramic art and water colors, but those who have seen her mural decoration feel that much of her future work will be along this line of art. When our wealthier citizens realize the beautiful effect of mural decoration by our best artists, there is sure to be a demand for this high class of art. This painting by Miss L. O. Adams is one of the pioneer efforts in this direction.

Mrs. Arthur Curzon of Goderich, with her little daughter, Adeline Brudenell, and Mr. Curzon's nephew from England, Mr. Arthur Fitzroy Lithgow, are staying at 320 St. George street with Major and Mrs. Edward Leigh. Mr. Lithgow intends to spend the winter in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brown and Miss Marjorie Brown are on pension at 531 Sherbourne street, where Mrs. Brown will receive on the first and second Mondays in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. John Helm of Port Hope spent a few days in town this week and were staying at the Rossin.

The marriage of Miss Fanny M. Gibbins of this city and Mr. Arthur J. Greenaway of Detroit was solemnized on the 19th of November in the Methodist Church by Rev. R. J. Treleaven. Mr. and Mrs. Greenaway left on the evening train for the West with the best wishes of their many friends.

Mrs. Edward Leigh of upper St. George street gave a charming tea on Friday last week in honor of her guest, Mrs. Arthur Curzon. Mrs. Leigh received in a becoming gown of silver grey satin, trimmed with rare old lace. Mrs. Curzon wore a pretty dress of pale blue silk ornamented with pearl passementerie. The tea-table was effectively arranged, and centered with a beautiful antique silver candelabrum. Among the guests were Lady Mulock, Colonel and Mrs. Milligan, Colonel Delamere, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mr. Labatt, Colonel Villiers, Mrs. Totten, Miss Enid Wornum, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Fred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Helen Strange, and Mrs. Cattermole. Mrs. Leigh has the honor of having achieved quite the most complete "crush" of the season, so many guests having responded to her invitations that it was literally impossible for later comers to enter until earlier ones went away. This, in the face of the fact that there were three other teas going on at the same time, is remarkable.

On Saturday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's father, 21 Henry street, the marriage was celebrated of Miss Eleanor Louise, daughter of Mr. Francis Phillips, and Mr. Thomas Herbert Ellenor of Schenectady, N.Y., son of Mr. William Ellenor of Bowmansville. Owing to a very recent bereavement in the bride's family, only the immediate relatives and a few of the bride's most intimate friends were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. S. Broughall. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a smart tailor-made gown of grey broadcloth wrought with trimmings of white broadcloth. The Russian coat was worn over a white silk waist with a grey and white hat, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Phillips, was bridesmaid, and wore a pretty frock of white organdie with applications of lace trimming over blue taffeta, a large picture hat, and carried American Beauty roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Harry J. Cox of Toronto. After a short reception and dejeuner, amid showers of rice and good wishes the happy couple left for the East. Mr. and Mrs. Ellenor will reside in Schenectady, N.Y.

A most charming tea was given by Mrs. William T. Blackwell at her bignon residence, 85 South Drive, Rosedale, on Friday, November 21st. Invitations read from four to seven, and though guests did not arrive at the earlier they stayed almost till the later hour, finding themselves very busy with other engagements very far off, and some of them only reaching Mrs. Blackwell's at the six o'clock bells were ringing. However, it's just as pleasant to vary the old injunction and come "late" and avoid the crush, if your hostess shows no signs of weariness and is just as bright and cordial and glad to see you at six as at five. Such was the case at Mrs. Blackwell's tea, and never did her exquisite home, or her sweet self, look more attractive than on the day of the tea. Each apartment has its distinctive charm, and the house is so well planned that no room is isolated, but all blend in a vista of cosy, artistic beauty. The Dutch dining-room, a close rival of Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston's much admired salle-a-manger, with its dark woodwork and quaint Dutch lace window screens, was used as a tea-room, and there a jolly party of young matrons and maids, with Mrs. James George in one of her most infectiously funny moods, presided with much care and grace. Mrs. Blackwell wore a very smart jetted gown over white satin, with a soft touch of color, and her snowy hair and sparkling dark eyes were admirably suited by her rich toilette. One of the guests, perhaps the handsomest matron in Toronto to-day, was Mrs. Heaven, in a rich gown and large chapeau, quiet, as all her pretty toilettes are, but most becoming and smart. Two of Mrs. Blackwell's assistants were the Misses Jarvis of Glen Road, Miss Jarvis in the dainty frock she wore at her brother's recent wedding, a crisp point d'esprit over lettuce green silk, tucked and frilled in a very dainty and fetching design, and in which the lovely wearer looked a picture. Her younger sister was also very attractive in a delicate pink frock. Many of the guests from Mrs. Mason's and Mrs. Leigh's receptions finished up a jolly afternoon at this tea, at which every accessory, flowers, lights, goodies and tempting "cup" were perfect.

Lady Mulock is looking very well indeed after a quiet summer in Canada, and Sir William is apparently untirable in work and statesmanship. Lady Mulock has been able to attend most of the teas, and has always the same bright greeting for her many friends.

The engagement of Miss Aileen M. Carveth, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Carveth, and Mr. Fred J. Sawers of Peterboro', is announced.

This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown are to be hosts of a number of Toronto friends, at their home in Georgetown. Mr. Fraser has had a special car attached to the four o'clock train, and guests to the tea will be brought home on the 10.30 train. Given a fine afternoon, this trip will be most enjoyable, and the welcome which awaits the guests of the clever author of "Thoroughbreds," the book of the month, will be most cordial and sincere from the novelist and his kind wife.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler sail for Canada on December 3rd. Great improvements have been in train at Craighleigh during their absence. Mrs. Ramsay, who is visiting Mrs. Gordon Osler at Craighleigh, received with her daughter on Monday.

The hounds met last Saturday at Mrs. T. C. Patterson's homestead in Dowling avenue, and quite a lot of smart people were on hand. By the way, a lovely young matron who has been enjoying riding and looks very well on horseback is Mrs. Morang, who had the misfortune to

sprain her right wrist one day lately. Quite a fad took root among a pretty group of young married women to enjoy equestrian exercise this year. Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Hartley Dewar and Mrs. Morang have all become quite graceful horsewomen, as have several others whose names for the moment escape me.

The reception given last Saturday afternoon at Rosemeath by Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss was largely a University function, to which but few friends outside the members of the Senate, the Faculty, and their wives were bidden. Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss received in the drawing-room, which was decorated with 'mums and palms, Mrs. Moss richly gowned in purple satin veiled in black lace, and the Chief Justice returning the cordial congratulations of the guests on his new dignity with his own pleasant smile and hearty handclasp. Although the grave and reverend seigneurs don't as a rule take their pleasure at afternoon teas, when they do turn out it is with a determination to enjoy themselves, and they had many a merry time and plenty of happy encounters with more frivolous persons on Saturday. In the second drawing-room a huge buffet was brilliant with fine red carnations and loaded with all the dainties of the fashionable five o'clocker. The house party, several pretty nieces and attractive women, waited upon the huge party of guests. Though the assembly was large, Rosemeath provided room and to spare, and everyone seemed greatly to enjoy the tea. Chief Justice Moss and Chief Justice Falconbridge are brothers-in-law, highly honored, and deservedly so, and their wives, who are splendid, broadminded and heartsome women, were formerly the Misses Sullivan, daughters of another famous legal light. Young Mrs. Charlie Moss looked very nice at the tea. Mrs. Dickson Patterson brought her mother, an Englishwoman whom to know is to admire and esteem. Miss De la Haye looked particularly pretty, her prettiness recalling "la belle ville," Paris. Mrs. Edward Blake was surrounded by friends so glad to see her back here again and looking particularly well. Miss Mowat and Mrs. Mowat came in for a bright half hour. Lady Meredith and Lady Mulock were present. Mrs. Moss was also one of the guests. Hon. William Harcourt and Mrs. Harcourt, the City Treasurer and Mrs. Coady, President and Mrs. Loudon, the Provost of Trinity, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, the Chancellor of Victoria and Mrs. Burwash, Mrs. and Miss Lamport, Mrs. Albert Ham, Professors many and varied, and a few young folks, among whom I noticed Mr. Cawthra Mulock, were at this successful tea.

Mr. Ernest Seton's visit to Toronto was the occasion for a very charming little impromptu gathering of friends hastily and informally bidden to greet him at his brother's residence, 104 St. Vincent street, on Monday evening, from six to seven o'clock, which turns out to be a capital hour for a tea, and brings everyone pretty promptly on time. Monsieur and Madame arrived from other teas, from business or from a round of visits, or a round of the golf links. The guest of honor was called hither and thither to meet a new congenial spirit, or to greet an old familiar friend. Tea was quite a secondary consideration, though it was daintily served in the cosy dining-room from a table centered by golden 'mums, by the Misses Thompson's fair hands. Mr. Seton dined "en famille" with Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson afterwards, and left for an engagement at Oshawa on Tuesday morning. He is looking very well and is living in a paradise of his own arranging down in the wooden nutmeg State, where he has several farmsteads, and all sorts of animals to study and enjoy. Mrs. Ernest Seton (Grace Gallatin) is now quite recovered from last summer's indisposition.

Mrs. George Blaikie gave a charming tea on Monday afternoon at her beautifully planned and decorated home in Elm avenue. The lovely weather tempted everyone out in their best, and very bright and jolly everyone looked as they greeted the graceful young hostess and her fair-haired sister, a guest kindly lent us from Ottawa for an all too brief visit. Both the hostess and the guest of honor were in pretty, dainty gowns of white. The house, always a picture of artistic beauty, was made still prettier by flowers and green wreaths of smilax and bright light.

On Friday, November 21, Mrs. James Mason gave a very pleasant tea at her residence in the Queen's Park, to present her young daughter to her friends. Miss Mason has just completed her studies abroad and is a very attractive and graceful young girl, who, strange to say, is not so eager as the typical debutante to plunge into the season's vortex of gay doings. She was much admired in her dainty white silk frock, and friends were glad to remark the simplicity and sincerity of her manner, a grace she comes by honestly, as all who know her parents will agree. From the drawing-room, where the debutante received with the hostess, to the charming dining-room, the guests found their way, and were there served with dainty goodies from a bright buffet, done in deep red blooms and prettily lighted. The various cosy corners in hall and library were the rendezvous of little groups of smart women who very much enjoyed the function. Several debutantes were present with their mothers, one of whom, Miss Grace Massey, of Rosedale, is a charming girl, and looked very nice in a pretty light frock. Other teas drew from and gave to this one gay parties of ladies, so that the rooms were always comfortably filled and never crowded. Plenty of nice flowers were used in their decoration, though they are always so bright and handsome that they scarcely needed the festal touch of the autumn blooms.

No organization ever started in Toronto has gone ahead more solidly and successfully than the Canadian Club, which has just been obliged to take up new quarters for its Monday luncheons, as the former meeting place was quite inadequate of late. This season's president is Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, son of Mr. J. K. Macdonald of Cona Lodge. Mr. George Howell is treasurer and Mr. A. E. Huestis secretary. The president is one of the intellectually progressive young men of the new century, and holds the responsible post of Principal of St. Andrew's College. The membership of the Canadian Club was, when last I enquired, five hundred strong, and bids fair to increase rapidly. The annual fee is nominal, one dollar, and all British subjects are eligible for admission. The Monday luncheons are attended on an average by 145 members. Doubtless this number would have been much greater but for lack of space. However, the Canadian Club luncheons are henceforth to be held in McConkey's banquet and ballroom, and as has been the rule, some clever speaker and leader of progressive thought will speak at each reunion.

The Strenuous Life Denounced.

OF the strenuous life led by most business men nowadays, W. J. Otis, of St. Paul, who is a successful grain merchant himself, says: "What is the use of all the wild, hysterical stampede that takes place daily? From the cheap clerk up to the business man who ought not to waste his energy in wild rushing, every one is tearing along as if the fiends of hell were pursuing him. He wastes more time by needless hurry than he saves at the other end. Your average business man does not have to be at his office until nine or ten o'clock in the morning, yet he gulps his breakfast down in five minutes and reads the paper for an hour. When he gets to his office everything must run at fever heat. He has an hour for luncheon, eats it in three minutes and wastes the balance. He hurries home after the day's work, wades through his dinner, and races for the theater or club, then is whisked home for a nervous, restless sleep. How can a man last under such conditions and be at his best? If that is the way modern business must be conducted, with no regard for hygiene, digestion, or nerves, I think the man is better off with less money and more ease."



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Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century.

(Continued from Page 2.)

it possible to believe that this thought of God and this longing for God, which are practically universal in the race, are without any answering reality in the universe? Have they come by chance? Have they been created without a creator? Are they a delusion and a falsehood at the very center of man's being? No; the reasonable conclusion seems to be that man thinks God, believes in God, trusts God, fears God, feels out after God, tries to put himself in right relations with God, worships God, associates his destiny here and hereafter with God, because he has spent all his existence on the earth, God-environment, God-environment, with evidences of God everywhere, and all the while around him, above him, beneath him, and within him.

How is it that man is God-environment? Let us see. I have already pointed out that no child can live long—and certainly no man can—without becoming aware that there is a Power higher than himself. He himself does not make the sun rise. He does not make the grass grow. He does not make his own pulse beat. And that power is one. If there is anything that modern science makes certain it is the unity of the universe, and this means, of necessity, the unity of the power which is at the heart of the universe. But is this power intelligent? We can only judge by its manifestations. Its manifestations are intelligible. They correspond to the rational order of our thought. Therefore we are compelled to believe that they are the products of intelligence. What are those manifestations? Wherever we look, in the heavens or the earth, we see order, regularity, law, sequence, beauty, the operation of cause and effect. These can have no connection with chance; chance could not have produced any of them; they are all the very opposite of chance.

What does evolution mean if it does not mean intelligence? It takes intelligence to make a watch. But would it take less intelligence to make a watch which should have power to make another watch better than itself, and that another better still, and that another still more improved, and so on to the end of time? Evolution is something like that. Think of a process, beginning in a far-away fire-mist and marching steadily on through millions of years until it reached a world, and then on through millions of years more until it reached life, and still on through years counted by millions again until it reached man, and finally a Plato, a Shakespeare, a Christ! Can that process have been a blind thing, undirected by intelligence?

So then we have a God of intelligence, as well as a God of power. This brings us to another question, not less important: Have we a God of goodness? What answer makes modern knowledge? We must have a God who is good or we are lost. No other is worthy of worship. In the hands of no other can our destinies be safe. The chief difficulty in the way of believing in a God of goodness is found in the existence of pain and evil. But modern thought is helping us to see that pain, properly understood, should probably be classed among our blessings; and that much more of what men have been accustomed to call evil than is generally understood is really good in the making. Pain is nature's cry of warning. It tells us to take care; there is danger; we are

going too far in this direction or that. The pain makes us stop.

But if pain is a blessing in disguise, so are often sorrow, disappointment, struggle and hardship. The truth is, out of these so-called evils come some of the greatest benefits that man ever receives. These have been the stairs by which he has climbed to what he now is. How could we become morally strong if we were in a world where there was no temptation, and no possibility of doing wrong? Add now to these considerations the thought of a life beyond the present, as an existence for which this life may be only a preparation, and we see how short-sighted is the judgment which declares that God cannot be good because there are pain and suffering and what we call evil in this world. The disorder and confusion that belong to a half-erected building may seem an evil. But the finished structure will compensate for it all. If God is not good, whence comes the undeniable good that exists? Whence is the tendency for temporary evils to turn to good? What is the explanation of the fact that good unmistakably increases in the world? From what source come the good desires in human hearts? So then we seem driven to the conviction that there is a goodness in the universe higher than man's; or, in other words, to the belief that God, the power which created man and the world, is not only one and intelligent, but beneficent.

A question that much troubles our time is that of the personality of God. What shall we say about it? I think the answer of thoughtful men is more and more coming to be this: Whether we are to regard God as personal or not, depends upon our definition of the word personal. If by "personal" we understand "limited," "localized," "enclosed in a physical body"—and many, seemingly, do understand it thus—then clearly God is not personal. An infinite being, a universal spirit, cannot be limited, or confined, or shut up in any space six feet by two. But it ought to be pointed out that this is not a proper definition of personal. The essentials of personality are not limitation, or localization; they are consciousness, intelligence, will, ability to say "I." If we use the word in this sense, and if we use its true use, it is clear that we must think of God as personal. Or, if we do not, then we must think of Him as super-personal, or more and higher than personal; we cannot with any warrant think of Him as less or lower than the word personality denotes.

St. John says, "God is love." What has the best thought of our day to say to this declaration? Anything in opposition? I think not. If there is not love in God how comes there to be love in us? Can the Creator give to the created what He Himself has not? Can a stream rise higher than its source?

What is the twentieth century going to believe about revelation? Does God reveal Himself? I believe the best modern thought answers emphatically, Yes. Does God reveal Himself in the Bible? I believe the answer is just as clear, Yes. Does He reveal Himself in the Bible alone? Here the answer is coming to be more and more, No. The Bible is infinitely too small to hold all the word God has to speak. He reveals Himself in all nature. He reveals Himself in all truth. Best of all, He reveals Himself in the human heart, as love.

What is the twentieth century going to say about the Divine Incarnation? Will it say that God was in Christ? Unquestionably. The Christian world can never let go that great truth. But it is slowly learning a truth larger and better still. It is that God incarnates Himself in all humanity. Says St. Paul: "God was in Christ." Says St. John: "If we love one another God dwelleth in us." The full and complete incarnation of God, then, is not in one—not even the Great Teacher and Prophet of Galilee, but in all His human children.

Where is God? Does He live in some far-away heaven, from which He rules the world as a king rules some distant dominion? And to visit the earth, does He require to make a journey? Something like this seems to have been to no small extent the thought of the past. But all such thought is passing away. Modern thought says God is immanent in the physical universe, while He also transcends it. He is the life of it all, while He is greater than it all. God is the force of the universe, the intelligence of the universe, the beauty of the universe, the moral law of the universe, the soul of the universe.

Where, then, is God? Where is He not? The sun shines with His radiance; the sea heaves by His power; the flower is beautiful with a beauty that it gets from Him. Gravitation is His hand, holding the universe in one. Law is His command, which all worlds obey. Light is His swift courier, bearing His messages from star to star. Love is His life in the souls of His humanity.

Friends, something like this, as I believe, is the new thought of God that is coming to men in this great twentieth century. While it is new it is also old. It is as old as Jesus and Paul and Isaiah. It is as new as the last word of modern science and philosophy; as new as the last vision of God's prophets and spiritual seers of to-day. Its glory is that it is the deathless old illuminated and vitalized by the new, fresh from the minds of men, fresh from the heart of nature, fresh from the spirit of God.

I believe that as this new and larger thought of God is lifted up, so that men

can see its reasonableness and beauty, it will move and more make everything like atheism impossible, and draw men in loving homage to Him who is worthy of all homage and love in earth and heaven.

Social and Personal.

MRS. WILL P. WHITE gave a large and well-arranged matinee progressive euchre on Wednesday afternoon, when, spite of snow and storm, over sixty guests assembled and enjoyed the game and the dainty "petit souper" which was served at its close. Five prizes were given by the generous hostess, each a gem in its way, and much appreciated by the winners, who were Mrs. Percy Leadley, Mrs. Woodland, Mrs. Fred Grey, Mrs. McLeod and Mrs. Gagnier. Mrs. Pringle and Mrs. Dow kept the tally and most gracefully performed their duties. Their obliged hostess presented them with silver bon-bon spoons at the close of the game. The floral decorations of the house were superb, in white and yellow, roses and 'mums being employed, with crimson roses in the upper rooms. D'Alessandro's orchestra played during the game, and altogether nothing was lacking in the perfect afternoon. Mrs. White received in pastel blue brocade, with duchess lace trimmings, and her two young daughters, Misses Mabel and Florence White, assisted gracefully in looking after the guests, who were Mrs. Will Hyslop, Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Tilt of Guelph, Mrs. Radley, Mrs. Gagnier, Mrs. Trotter, Mrs. Fairburn, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Spurling, Mrs. Gilmour, Miss Gilmour, Mrs. Oliver, Miss Oliver, Mrs. S. Brush, Mrs. Bower, Mrs. E. Boeckh, Mrs. Charles Boeckh, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Miss Lennox, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. W. Boone, Miss Boone, Mrs. C. S. Boone, Miss Brown, Mrs. Johnson of New York, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Woodland, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Mrs. W. Taylor, Mrs. Langley, Mrs. Moorehouse, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Lowndes, Miss Lowndes, Mrs. D. Rose, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Potts (nee Score), Mrs. Snider, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Fred Grey, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. E. R. Wood, Mrs. Scheak, Miss Denny, Miss Hunter, Miss Allen, Mrs. Westwood, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Notman, Miss Notman, Mrs. Hignam, Miss Craig, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Macdonald of Winnipeg, Mrs. May, Mrs. Percy Leadley, Mrs. Land, Miss McCallum, Miss McLauren.

A most successful tea was given last Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Arthur T. Armstrong of 11 Maple avenue, a very gracious and cordial young hostess indeed. Mrs. Armstrong received at the entrance to her beautiful drawing-room, exquisitely gowned in pale blue, with white lace overdress, and her fair hair dressed in a pompadour puff. She made a pretty picture in a most artistic and attractive environment. A crowd of her friends, mostly young matrons, stunningly gowned, poured in during the crush hour, and at half-past five the house was filled by a bright lot of guests, who, judging by their merry chatter and good-fellowship, were mostly well known to one another. I think the frocks at Mrs. Armstrong's tea may be pronounced the record display so far this season. Some of them were really Parisian, and others, quite as lovely, rich and becoming. A particularly beautiful gown was Mrs. Howard Chandler's, who, like the hostess, was "nee Massey." This dashing young matron wore an exquisite satin of the palest blue, with rich white lace over, and delicate chiffon frills and pleatings, and a very fetching hat. Mrs. Arthur Massey wore salmon panne crepe, with lovely embroideries in wild flowers on white, and an exceedingly smart hat. Her pretty figure was perfectly fitted by this charming gown, which was original without being too accented. Mrs. Jack Boyd wore black net, richly jetted and embroidered and applied in ecor. Miss Helen Strange, all in black, looked stunning. The tea-table, set in the dining-room, was centered with Beauty roses, and the guests were waited upon by Miss Floa Lowndes, Miss Beatrice Carter (such a pretty, refined looking girl), Miss Muirhead, Miss Skinner and Miss Potts, each of whom performed her duties most charmingly and saw that no one was overlooked. Mrs. Maughan Ellis and Mrs. Alfred Wright looked very pretty at this tea. In fact, as one stunning young matron after another "frou-froued" into the smart circle, adding her personal charm, and the bewildering array of lace and costly gowns passed me, I don't remember ever seeing the rival of the brilliant scene. There was a profusion of lovely 'mums about the hall and drawing-room, but for once the flowers met their match. This tea was an early function, from 4 to 6 only, and it was well past the hour when the last fair one said good-night.

Mrs. Murray Hendrie has returned from Philadelphia. Miss Mollie Walde has been visiting Miss Kate Counsell in Hamilton. Mrs. and Miss Pousette of Peterboro' are en pension in Jarvis street for the winter.

Mrs. Robert Watson of Shuter street gave a charming tea to introduce her daughter on Thursday of last week. Mrs. Watson received in the drawing-room, gowned in black voile, with lace applique and chiffon trimmings. The debutante wore mistral voile over white silk, with cream lace and Oriental embroideries, and carried sunset roses. The house was beautifully done in white and

yellow 'mums, palms and ferns; white carnations were in the tea-room, where the table was beautifully done in white 'mums and green-shaded lights. The harpers played during the afternoon, and the following young ladies were deft assistants in the tea-room: Miss Amy Patterson, Miss Celeste Piper, Miss Carrie Gagen, Miss Maria Watson and Miss May Watson.

Mr. Richard Dawson has been the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Burns, of 25 Prince Arthur avenue.

Mrs. E. Herbert Greene gave a very delightful seven-hand euchre on last Friday afternoon, at which Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Bristol and Mrs. Bolte were the prize-winners.

Lady Thompson gave a young girls' tea on Thursday of last week. The Misses Thompson, the Misses Elmsley and Miss Falconbridge waited on their girl friends, many of whom were the season's debutantes.

Mrs. Wallace Cohoe is a very stylish and graceful bride who has been much admired. At Mrs. Armstrong's tea on Tuesday Mrs. Cohoe looked very stunning in one of her smartest trousseau gowns and a lovely plumed hat.

The course of lectures under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association is an interesting feature of each winter's work, and is much enjoyed by a party of our nicest people, ever ready for more culture and artistic knowledge.

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House and Miss Cawthra will receive on Monday week for the first time since their return to Canada.

Mr. Finucane was in town last week.

Mr. Warren Burton, lately of Hamilton, has taken a house in Admiral road, No. 37, and will spend the winter in Toronto.

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Lovers of the antique might be interested to hear of a sale of three Chippendale ribbon-back chairs for the sum of \$2,000, which was made last week by the well-known firm of Messrs. B. M. & T. Jenkins, 424 Yonge street.

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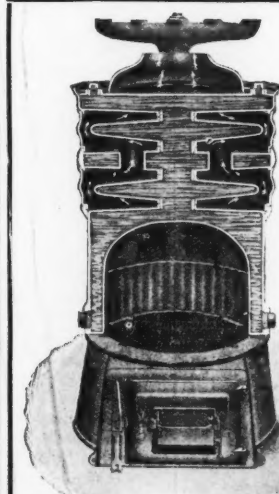
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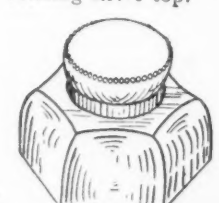
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Social and Personal.

Trinity College was en fête on Tuesday night, when the Athletic Association connected with the seat of learning gave their annual dance. Although always a popular entertainment, this dance has not always been remarkable for wise limitations, and the consequence has often been some discomfort. But on this occasion the committee had the wisdom and discretion of their elders, and decided to have fewer guests and more comfort. The arrangement of the orchestra, too, was a vast improvement; instead of occupying the dais and deafening lady patronesses and their friends, who are supposed to be located there, they were placed at the south end of Convocation Hall under the gallery, and directly in the main entrance, which was unused, the dancers entering and leaving Convocation Hall by the small stairways on either side of the main stair. This made it possible to utilize the main entrance hall as another salle de dance, a capital idea, and very conducive to comfort. At no time was there a disagreeable crowding either, as usual, near the door, or while the dance was in progress, on the floors of the twin ballrooms. The main charm of Trinity, its one unique excellence wherein it distances all other rendezvous, is the private hospitality of the provost, professors and men in residence on a fête night. To go to a dance at Trinity without paying visits during the evening to the provost's charming library, the professor's more quaint and scholarly den, the cosy rooms of other dignitaries, and the quaint or pretty "digs" of the students, is to miss the crowning pleasure and flavor of Trinity's dances. On Tuesday each and all of the pet "dens" were lit and garnished for the company. There were "petits soupers," lovely candy, tasteful flower decorations, jolly little cosy corners, delicious "cup," and the usual conical sign-posts directing amused guests here and there. In the "Dine Museum" were boxes of the most toothsome sweets, par example. It is these pleasant specialties which make Trinity dances dear to the young things of both sexes, and not without excellence in the opinion of the most blasé chaperone or "old boy." On Friday evening the provost, whom everyone adores at Trinity, was particularly bright and festive as his birthday congratulations were showered on him, not only by the cable and telegraph wires, but by sweet girls and handsome women, young and old friends, and many a close hand-clasp from men friends attested their sincere wish that his reverence may spend many birthdays at the head of old Trinity. The Trinity men looked very smart, with their college colors, worn quite as proudly as ever was a ribbon of the Legion of Honor, or any grand order. The lady patronesses, Mrs. Robinson, in a quiet black gown; Mrs. Rigby, in a sumptuous satin, with jeweled embroideries; Mrs. Fleming, in dull pale blue satin, with black paillette net, were most gracious. Mrs. Fleming acting also as hostess for her brother, the provost, in his bright library. Mrs. C. C. Baines, looking charming in black and silver; Mrs. Ambury, who brought her sweet young charge, Miss Gretchen Gilbert, a lovely girl in a simple white silk; Mrs. Moorhouse, in a handsome lavender and white brocade; Miss Harris of St. George street, who brought a fair young guest, and looked very well in pale blue and white lace, a very distinguished looking matron in black lace over white, who chaperoned two lovely girls, all three strangers to me, were some of the chaperones remarked. Needless to say, Miss Playter was one of the guests, for a Trinity dance would not seem right otherwise. Among other guests were Miss Marjory Mowat, looking very nice in black point d'esprit; Miss Ida Homer Dixon, in pale blue and white silk; Miss Grace McTavish, in a very becoming grenadine of pale blue, touched with white; Miss Aileen Carveth, whose yet unannounced betrothal to an old "head boy" of Trinity gave her friends no chance to wish her happiness, though indeed the little lady looked quite contented with her share of life's bliss. Miss Muriel Cronyn was her debutante gown of white mousseline and looked very bright and well. Miss Marjorie Cochrane's lovely bright eyes and color are always set by a white gown, and she wore a pretty silk one at Trinity. Miss Cecile Nordheimer wore white crepe with lace. Miss Millicent Jones wore pink mousseline over white. Miss Alice Cooke wore white, with dainty, long sheath sleeves of tucked chiffon. Miss Mary Davidson looked very sweet and bonnie in pink and white. Miss Laurie Rolph, by a connoisseur selected as the belle, wore white, with a vivid cerise sash, and one red rose in her soft, fluffy, dark coiffure. Miss Pearl Wilkes, looking very happy with her fiancé, was prettily dressed in white, with pale blue ribbons. Miss Muriel Smith of Rosedale, a graceful dancer and an exceedingly nice girl, also wore white, with touches of pale blue. Miss Annis Kingsmill wore white, with pretty lace and chiffon. Miss Violet Towers wore a rich vieux rose faille, and looked very fetching in it. Miss Brookfield, Mrs. Sutherland Macklen's English guest, wore pale orange tissue over silk, most becoming to her brune tint. The Misses Gwen and Beatrice Francis looked very pretty in smart frocks. A very piquant girl, with dusky hair and eyes, most appropriately gowned in vivid scarlet, was remarkably pretty. Miss Alice Baines looked charming in black, with red. Several pretty blue gowns, among them a most becoming one, that of Miss Robinson of Beverley House, were very well worn by their fair owners. The smartness of some of the toilettes was distinct, and the whole dance a noticeably successful and jolly affair. Some of the men present beside the large contingent of college men, were Rev. Mr. Seaborn, Mr. Worsley, Mr. Evans Lewis, Mr. Norman Lockie, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. Lake, Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. Rex Smellie, Mr. Allen Case, Mr. John Merriek, Mr. Darrell Warren, Mr. Perry and Mr. Hamber. The dean was untiring in his kind attention to the guests. I did miss the giant stature of that good friend of Trinity, Mr. Selby Martin, and no one can quite ignore the loss of that most genial and original of dancers, Professor Huntingford, of jolly memory.

Mrs. Ewart Osborne received on Tuesday and Wednesday at her bijou residence in Crescent road, which many persons know well as the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Macpherson during their all too brief stay in Toronto. It is such a pretty, cosy and complete little home, and just suits its charming young mistress. Mrs. Osborne wore on Tuesday a soft, simply designed cream silk gown, with many insertions of white lace, and a huge nosegay of violets at her belt,

and received with much unaffected cordiality, quite accepting the pretty compliments of her friends as well-timed and not uncalled for. Mrs. Osborne's care-free air of "enfant bien soignée" is explained when one sees the watchful and tactful mother of the young hostess, herself looking so girlish and full of interest in the affairs of her daughter. Mrs. Barwick was here, there and everywhere, with a cordon in the dining-room, or saying the pleasant word in season when callers threatened to overcrowd the smiling little hostess in the drawing-room. A quartette, the two bridesmaids, Miss Athol Boulton and Miss Muriel Barwick, with Miss Gladys Burton and bright little Miss Hancey, had charge of the tea-table. Everywhere flowers were to be seen, not too many, but the most perfect blooms. The general tone of the salon and dining-room was accented by the deep red blooms of carnations, while on the tea-table, which was centered by the "gâteau des noces," were lovely white 'mums and plenty of the bridal gifts in silver and crystal, serving a very dainty little tea. A snowstorm of cards on Tuesday was the forerunner of a real snowstorm on Wednesday, the bride's second reception day.

I regret to learn that Mr. Dudley Oliver is laid up with a couple of broken ribs, a casualty of a football match.

Much heartfelt sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Hertzberg of Toronto Junction in the loss of their dear little daughter Dalmar, whose death saddened their home a few days since. Mr. and Mrs. Hertzberg are devoted to their children, and this break in their happy home circle has aroused keen sympathy in the hearts of all their friends.

Some very beautiful and newly imported picture frames are one of the many attractions at Mr. Lyonde's studio, which is fast becoming more of an art room than a studio. These frames include some of the newest Paris designs, which are quite effective with the present style of house interiors, and the very latest "Colonial" frames, which are charming. I noticed also in Lyonde's window some new backgrounds, an immensely smart and artistic one, etching style, and a quaint, pretty lattice window, half open, which gives a delightful effect to the photo of the person taken in the act of opening the lattice and looking out. I particularly admire the circular gold frames with embossed spray on them.

Mrs. Harold May of Belleville is visiting Mrs. F. J. Roy of 21 Rusholme road.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. McLellan and daughter of Berlin spent a short time in the city en route to England and the South of France, where they will spend some months. Mrs. C. E. Hoffman, who accompanied them this far, has returned home.

The Women's Alliance of the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street, held a Christmas bazaar on Friday evening, November 28. A supper was served at 6.30 o'clock in the vestry of the church, and an entertaining programme rendered during the evening.

Mrs. James E. Dundas (nee McLaren) will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays at Marlboro crescent, Deer Park.

Mrs. T. Richard Fuller has changed her day, and will in future receive on Thursdays at her residence, 391 College street.

A very pretty wedding, and one that created quite a stir in fashionable society, took place Wednesday morning, the 19th inst., at the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, when Mr. John T. Ryan, Parkdale, son of the late Hugh Ryan, and Miss Bronacha McEwenne, daughter of Mr. John E. McEwenne of the Winnipeg "Free Press" staff, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Rev. Father Cruise, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh and Rev. Dr. Tracey, officiated. The church and sanctuary were beautifully decorated with palms and white chrysanthemums. Throughout the ceremony suitable music was rendered by Miss McElgerry, the organist of the church, and Miss Anna Carroll sang with much expression two solos, "Ave Verum" and "Ave Maria." The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. John E. McEwenne, wore an exquisite gown of ivory crepe, trimmed with hand-embroidered lisse, and as ornament a sunburst of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom, and a little dove of pearls, suspended from a very fine gold chain, a gift from her parents. With this she wore a veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lily of the valley, white rosebuds and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaids, Miss Frances Gibbons and Miss Augusta Carroll, were gowned alike in pastel blue cologne, trimmed with medallions of point d'Arabe lace, hats of pastel blue clipped beaver, trimmed with stone marten and masqueret clasps, and stoles of shaded pale pink ostrich feathers completed these very pretty costumes. The maids carried large bunches of blush pink roses. Mr. Frank Burns officiated as best man, and Mr. Bernard Hughes and Master St. Clair McEwenne were ushers. After the ceremony a breakfast and reception were given at Hollydene, Rosedale, where the house was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants, and an orchestra, screened behind a bank of palms, played throughout the breakfast. Mrs. J. E. McEwenne, mother of the bride, wore an exquisite gown of dove-gray poplin, with panels of cream Roman embroidery and touches of ermine, a stole of gray marabout feathers, a hat of ermine, with clusters of green grapes, and a corsage bouquet of violets and lily of the valley. Mrs. Hugh Ryan, mother of the groom, wore a handsome black lace gown and a small black and white bonnet. Mrs. Austin Smith, sister of the groom, was attired in an Oriental panne velvet gown, and wore a white Gainsborough hat. Mrs. Bardwell of Chicago, another sister, wore a costume of golden brown velvet, a pale blue hat, and carried a large muff of brown chiffon. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue basket-cloth, with a woven border of scarlet medallions. Her hat was of navy blue taffeta, trimmed with tiny ruffles of the same, and a knot of pheasant's feathers. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan left the same afternoon for a six months' honeymoon trip, the winter months of which will be spent in Southern California. The groom's favors to the bridesmaids were brooches of green enamel encrusted with pearls, with a whole pearl center; his gift to the best man and ushers being scarf-pins of the same design. Only relatives and

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immediate friends were present at the wedding. Among those from out of town were Hon. William Hart, M.P. for Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. Bardwell of Chicago; Mrs. Doherty of Cobourg; Mr. E. R. Gunning and Master Harold Gunning of Montreal; Mrs. Harry Arnold of Collingwood; Mrs. William Douglas of Montreal, and Miss Ida Sheldon of St. Thomas.

Mrs. J. Frederick Duncan (nee McGiffin) will receive for the first time since her marriage, on Monday afternoon, December 1, at 516 Ontario street, and afterwards on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Mrs. James H. Downey has been spending a week with Mrs. Edward J. Cummings, Church street.

Mrs. Henry Thompson has rented her house in Avenue road for the winter and taken apartments at 181-2 Nassau street.

Miss Winnifred Moysey returned from the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, to attend the Chatter Literary Society at Home on Friday last. Miss Moysey is one of the charming debutantes of the year.

Mr. K. C. Watt of the Woodstock "Sentinel-Review" is in town visiting friends and relatives.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Very gentle, very sweetly, Norma tried to soothe Astley, and to restrain him from following a doctor then and there. "Don't you see," cried the unhappy Astley, "that it's this rascally fellow who's been spreading the belief that it was I who killed this man, the very man I've been so anxious to meet?"

"Well, if he has," said Norma persuasively, "his tales will turn against himself by and by. People will say that he is malicious and revengeful, after your attack upon him, and that this is the way he is trying to satisfy his malice."

But Astley would not be convinced. "This affair is of too intimate a nature for the truth to be given to the world," said he, "and the beggar knows that, and presumes upon it."

"Well then, how can you bring up the subject now, before all the people?" said Norma. "You know it's impossible. The doctor would say such things before everybody, that you would not be able to control your rage and disgust. No, no, let me persuade you; let me, oh, let me have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done some good, some little good!"

Her plaintive appeal touched Astley to the heart. Once more he entreated her to come back to the Haigh with him, and when his entreaties failed, he began to reproach her and to say she did not care for him.

"Don't you see," urged he, "that while you live in the neighborhood, yet not in my house, people will ask questions, and ferret out things? While if you come back, and live in the same house as you have done, the gossips will be quiet?"

"Oh, no, they won't," said Norma. "This affair to-night, this dreadful story, will bring out more than you think. And then you will find people will see we have done what is right, what is best. And remember, the more of the truth they will learn, the stronger the feeling for us will be. We need not tell anybody anything; we don't want to parade our griefs before the world. But since the world will never be satisfied till it knows the truth, and since the truth is that we are both quite blameless, isn't it better not to make any pretense, but to face the facts as they are, and wait?"

He let himself be persuaded at last. But her heart ached for him, as weary and worn out, he left her, when the excitement in the neighborhood had died down, and the body had been carried away, which had been the scene of such a terrible tragedy, to his great, lonely house—all alone.

On the following morning Norma, from her upper window, saw Dr. Wharles come up the lane, not in his gig, but on foot, and go quickly into Raggett's house.

Her landlady, old Mrs. Giles, saw him too, and instantly began to gossip, with an old woman's malice, about black-eyed Nance Raggett and the handsome doctor. "Is he often at the cottage, then?" asked Norma.

"Dear, no, my lady," said Mrs. Giles. For she had learnt who Norma was, and was very proud of her lodger, though somewhat puzzled by her choice of a residence. "I've never seen him there afore. No doubt he noticed her black eyes and her saucy ways last night; for she's a bold 'un; not but what there's something to be said for her, poor thing, tied to a drunken fellow like Raggett; which she's his second wife, and no children of her own, only that gawk of a Ned, the son by Raggett's first wife, to look after. But there, I'm running on, and I see you don't care for gossip, my lady; it's not likely a lady of your quality would."

Norma let her run on with her remarks, but the point of interest was past for her. This, then, was the doctor's first visit to the cottage, with the exception of his share in the visitation of the previous night. She took mental note of this fact, and even condescended to play the spy from her window, in order to ascertain how long Dr. Wharles stayed there. And his visit was a very long one.

It was on the following day that the inquest was held, and Norma, more dead than alive, crept into the town hall by the hour appointed, and sat, trembling, in her place not far from Astley, with whom, however, she scarcely exchanged a word. A heterogeneous crowd of witnesses were present, as they did of Sir Astley of The Haigh, his wife, Dr. Wharles, Mrs. Wharles, the boy Ned Raggett, an innkeeper of the town, two or three of the townspeople, and a brother of the dead man, who had come from a Midland town, and who identified the body as that of Thomas Rogerson, formerly a soldier, but who, according to this witness, had done no work of late.

The brother gave evidence that he knew of the proposed visit to Darwen Haigh, where he understood that the deceased man had some business with Sir Astley Darwen; but that the nature of it was declared he did not know. He knew of no grudge entertained by the deceased against any man or of any grudge entertained against him.

The next witness called was Norma, who trembled so pitifully that they gave her a chair, in which she sat, limp and listless, her features shrouded by a thick black veil, the raising of which was suggested by one jurymen; though his demand was refused.

She looked such a forlorn little creature in her black dress, with her great black eyes shining out of a pale face through the meshes of the veil, that a good deal of sympathy was aroused for her. Rumors had not been wanting as to the existence of a lady with a better right than she had to her title, and the fact that she was not living at her reputed husband's house was taken as convincing proof that there was something in the rumors.

The nature of some of the questions put to her was startling in the extreme. "May I ask, Lady Darwen, how it was that you were in the wood that evening, the evening of the murder?" asked the

coroner, respectfully enough, but so unexpectedly that Norma started violently.

She waited a moment before replying: "I was in the lane beside the wood, when I saw a flash in the darkness, and then another flash, and heard two reports and a loud cry. I got over the wall and ran through the wood until I touched something with my foot, and found—it was—the body."

"Did you see anyone in the wood before you saw the flash?"

"Not at that time," she answered, after a moment's hesitation.

The jurors grew attentive.

"Not at that time! Do you mean you had previously seen someone there?"

"I had seen someone go into the wood—two people."

"Two people? How long before was that?"

"I can't tell exactly. Some minutes before."

"They passed you in the lane?"

"No. I saw them from the window of Mrs. Giles's cottage."

"Will you tell us just what you saw?"

"I was at my window when I saw someone—cross the road, from the stile a little beyond the cottages, and go into the wood."

"Over the wall?"

Norma's heart and her voice sank together.

"No. Through the gate."

"Through the gate! Is it a public way?"

"No. He unlocked the gate and went through."

"Did you see who it was?"

"I thought it was—Sir Astley Darwen," said Norma tremulously.

Here Astley nodded a decisive assent to the coroner and jury. The coroner went on with his interrogatory:

"And you say you saw a second man?"

"Did he go through the gate with Sir Astley?"

"No. He came from the stile, went up the lane to the right, and got over the wall into the wood."

"When was this?"

"And who was this man?"

"I don't know at all. He was never near enough for me to see."

"But you can give us your impression as to his appearance. Was he a tall or a short man?"

"Tall, I think. Not particularly short, I am almost sure."

"Did you ever see the deceased man in life?"

"Yes. Once for a few moments only."

"Was it he you saw?"

"I really didn't see well enough to be sure. If I must give my impression, it was that the man I saw cross the road was a broader-built, stouter man than he."

This answer created an unfavorable impression among the jury that Norma was drawing upon her invention in order to avoid incriminating Astley.

"But you could not see clearly?"

"No."

"When you came to the body, was anybody near?"

"I thought not until I cried for help on hearing a noise above me, and a boy came down from a tree."

"Was anybody else in sight at that time?"

"No."

"Did you hear any sound as if anybody else was near?"

"While I was talking to the boy, I heard a noise as if someone was getting over the wall into the road."

"What sort of noise?"

"The cracking of branches, and then a sound like a drop into the road."

More amiable invention—thought the jury.

"Did you recognize the dead man, Lady Darwen?"

"Not till they brought a light."

"What did you do on finding it?"

"I knelt down," said Norma with a shudder, "and finding his face to the ground, I raised his head, and turned him on his side. His coat and waistcoat were open, and there was blood—!" She stopped, shuddering. "I knew he was dead," she added at last.

There was a pause, and then a jurymen asked, "You say you recognized the deceased when they brought a light, your ladyship. You knew the man then?"

"Oh, no. I had seen him once only."

"May I ask on what occasion?"

"Was the day before," he called at The Haigh, and asked for Sir Astley, and went away on learning he was not at home."

"I think that is all we have to ask Lady Darwen," said the coroner, after a pause.

And Norma rose in a dazed manner, and slid into an offered seat.

The next witness called was the lad Ned Raggett. He proved an absolutely impracticable person. He had seen the spire in the wood, and nobody else. He had got into a tree to escape being seen, and then he had heard a pistol-shot. He was too high up to see who fired the shot, or who was fired at. On being reminded that it had been reported he said the murderer raised the body and threw it down again, he said he must have fancied this; he was sure he was too far off to have made anything out distinctly.

He gave his evidence with such stupid stolidity that most of the listeners thought him too unintelligent not to have told the truth.

The next witness was the keeper of an inn where the deceased had passed the night previous to his death.

This man deposed that the deceased had said his business in the town was with Sir Astley Darwen, and he had bragged that he would be a richer man when he left Blackdale than when he went into it.

These statements, which were afterwards confirmed by two or three townspeople, customers at the inn, who had spoken with Rogerson, produced a profound sensation in court. Many a curious glance was directed, after this, to the corner where Sir Astley and his wife sat, both very quiet and downcast, side by side.

The next witness, when these had been disposed of, was Dr. Wharles.

There was a subdued buzz of whispering voices in the court when he advanced and stood up facing the jury; and the spectators glanced at the scar on his handsome face, and exchanged furtive nods as they looked from him to Sir Astley, and recalled by a frown or a raised eyebrow the scene which had taken place between these two men but a few days before.

Dr. Wharles proved an excellent witness, clear, straightforward, unhesitating.

After stating that he had first judged, from the position of the wound and of the body, that the tragedy was a case of suicide, but that subsequent examination, and the fact that no weapon had been found, had caused him to alter his opinion, he gave a minute description of the two wounds found on the dead man, one of which had pierced the heart, and must have proved instantly fatal; then he went on to answer the various further questions put to him with perfect distinctness and in a voice which all could hear.

"Did you know the deceased, Dr. Wharles?"

"When I first saw the body I thought not, but I afterwards remembered his face as that of a man, a stranger, who had called at my house the day before."

With a little reluctance the coroner put the next question:

"May we know what was the object of this visit?"

"Certainly. He was acquainted with some relatives of my wife's, and seeing my name on the door-plate as he passed through the town, he called to ask me some questions about Sir Astley Darwen, with whom he said he had some private business, though of what nature he did not disclose."

There was another sensation in the court, as was the case now whenever the name of the baronet was mentioned.

"Was he in an angry or excitable mood? Did he seem like a person whom you would suspect of suicidal intentions?"

"Oh, dear no. He was a lively sort of fellow, and in very good spirits."

"Did he talk as if he had a grudge against anyone?" asked a juror, who caused by his question some consternation among the rest.

"Oh, no, certainly not."

"May we know the nature of the questions he asked about Sir?"

But the juror who uttered these indiscreet words was promptly silenced by the coroner, who asked instead:

"So far as you know, Dr. Wharles, the man was on good terms with all the world?"

"That is so," said the doctor.

"And he bowed to the jury and the coroner and withdrew from the witness-box in his turn."

The next witness was Mrs. Wharles, who had been seen letting the deceased man out of the doctor's house, and talking to him in the little porch. The lady was very nervous, but very dignified, and she gave her evidence clearly, though with a not unbecoming shyness struggling with her dignity.

"I believe you had some conversation with the deceased as he left your husband's house, Mrs. Wharles?" said the coroner.

"Yes."

"Do you agree with your husband's view of him?"

"Not altogether. He was more outspoken with me," said Mrs. Wharles, "and he asked whether Sir Astley was a man of violent temper, who would be likely to take personal revenge for an injury."

As she uttered these words, Norma sprang up from her seat, throwing back her veil, and with her great eyes flashing with indignation. It was with difficulty that Astley, who was sitting beside her, very white but calm and collected, managed to force her down into her seat again.

An indescribable sensation of horror and suspense was gaining ground in the court. Mrs. Wharles was the only person who appeared to be unaffected by it.

There was a little pause when she had ceased speaking; and the coroner, with a hasty glance at the other lady, waved Mrs. Wharles aside with a quick: "Thank you, thank you. That will do."

The doctor's wife sailed to her seat, and was tenderly soothed by her husband after the ordeal she had gone through. And amid a state of extreme tension, and a silence in which the search of a mouse would have been heard, Astley rose up and went into the witness-box.

The feeling of everyone in court underwent a change when this unhappy gentleman, worn and weak from wounds and illness, with the interest of a whispered romance about him, stood up and faced his questioners. He was not bold or fluent, like the doctor; he was not hesitating and inaudible, like the ladies. He was just a man pursued by ill-fortune, making a dogged British stand against it, and showing as little sign as might be of the feelings within.

Sympathy and respect, as well as intense interest, were excited by his look, his bearing, his simple, soldierly speech.

"You knew the deceased, I understand, Sir Astley?" asked the coroner, with an indescribable change in his tone to sympathetic deference.

"No. I never saw him alive. But I knew of him. And I expected to see him. I was anxious to do so."

"May I ask—excuse me for putting the question bluntly—may I ask if there was any ill-feeling between you and this man?"

"There was none—on my side certainly. If I had met him earlier there might have been; but actually there was none."

Dead pause for a moment.

"It is a very painful thing to have to ask, Sir Astley," went on the coroner, instinctively lowering his voice, "but it has been said that the deceased was an early admirer of your late wife—"

Astley bowed his head in assent.

"And that you were certainly, at one time, violently and naturally resentful on that account," added the coroner quickly. "I may take it that it is not true to assert, as has been asserted, that you still harbored resentment against this man?"

"It is—no, true," said Astley slowly. And as he spoke, he readed slightly. "Is that all?" he asked.

"That is all, thank you. I am sorry—"

Astley had already left the box. As he did so, Dr. Wharles stood up in his place.

"Pardon me one moment, Mr. Coroner," said he, in the ringing voice that carried his words to the farthest end of the court. "But there is a correction which, in the interest of one of my kindwomen, I feel I ought to make." Every-

one looked round in surprise. The doctor went on: "I know this is an irregularity, but I must mention that, in speaking of Sir Astley's late wife, you were in error. Mrs. Wharles's sister Charlotte, who married Sir Astley, is alive."

There was a sort of gasp amongst the building. Astley leapt from his seat, with haggard eyes and fury in his face.

The next moment the clinging arms of Norma were about him, her face was raised imploringly to his.

"Dear it, bear it all," she whispered. His uplifted arm dropped to his side. In face of all men, as he looked down at her pleading eyes, a tear stole down the unhappy man's cheek.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dr. Wharles had made a mistake. He knew it in a moment, as he looked round him, with quick, observant eye, and noted that every face was full of pity for the unhappy man who, with the tender woman's hands clinging about him, was now the center of interest and compassion to everyone in court.

There were, on the other hand, angry glances cast at Dr. Wharles and his wife, and unpleasant remarks were muttered in his hearing by some of the sturdy Lancashire men. The doctor was more popular among the women of the neighborhood than he was with their husbands and brothers, and his own conduct was not so impeccable that he could afford, with impunity, to draw attention to the mistakes of others.

There was a fine ringing sound, of course, in his challenge on behalf of an injured woman, as his protest purported to be. But Lottie Darwen, though not well known in the neighborhood of Blackdale, had not been altogether unknown there; and there were people present in court who remembered the flighty beauty who had tried so hard, while staying at the house of her brother-in-law, to marry Sir Hugh Darwen, and had then succeeded in marrying his cousin Astley.

The feelings of most of the witnesses of this painful scene were voiced by no less a person than Lord Wyersdale, a little bent old gentleman, very dignified in spite of his low stature, who tapped the ebullient doctor smartly on the shoulder, and said, not loudly, but with cutting emphasis:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. See what distress you have brought upon Lady Darwen and her husband, victims, both of them, I'll be bound!"

There was a murmur of sympathy and assent among the bystanders, and the florid doctor grew redder still. It took him, however, only a few moments to recover himself. He always knew how with clear, sonorous voice and burly, imposing figure, to make himself the central figure of any picture. With a deprecatory wave of the hand, and an apologetic glance at the coroner, whom everybody else had forgotten in the excitement of this episode, he said:

"Pardon me, your lordship. I have to apologize to Mr. Coroner for my interruption, and to Sir Astley and this lady for my impulsive words. But I was carried away by my feelings; I could not but say a word on behalf of an unhappy lady who is not here to take her own part, and who, whatever her foibles may be, does not deserve to be left to starve."

The sensation produced by these last words, to which the doctor gave an impressive ring, exceeded anything that had been experienced in the court during that eventful morning.

Although there was a large section among the hearers who sympathized still with Sir Astley and the unhappy lady who held the position of his wife, there was not, of course, wanting another section who sided no less vehemently with the doctor and applauded his boldness in daring to stand up for the absent woman in defiance of the two great men of the neighborhood, the Earl and Sir Astley Darwen.

Lord Wyersdale, amid an indescribable confusion of tongues—the coroner declaring that he would clear the court, the ushers crying "Silence," the people arguing and murmuring—again took up the cudgels on behalf of Astley.

"If Sir Astley Darwen," said he, his thin, old man's voice making itself heard nearly as well as the doctor's more resonant tones, "has really left to starve anyone who bears his name, that person has certainly forfeited every right to bear it."

Astley, who had been with difficulty restrained by Norma and other friends, from making a rush at the doctor, now spoke.

"Thank you, Lord Wyersdale," he said. "You do me no more than justice. The story which Dr. Wharles has thought proper to drag to light in this public manner is too pitiful for such discussion. I will only say that I would never allow anyone who had borne my name, rightfully or wrongfully, to be in want. And if Dr. Wharles or any other man asserts the contrary, he lies."

Again there was a moment's dead silence, while Astley, with flashing eyes and firmly compressed lips, shot a glance at the doctor which was a challenge.

That gentleman, however, felt that he had gone far enough, if not too far; for, if he had brought pain and some amount of public disgrace upon Astley, in addition to the load of suspicion which he had already managed to fasten on the young baronet's shoulders, he had also undoubtedly alienated the earl and others of his most important patients; and his wife, when they were driving home together, did not scruple to tell him so.

A sharp "Hold your tongue!" uttered in a tone which she knew and performed respected, reduced Mrs. Wharles to silence.

Meanwhile the inquest had been brought to an end for the time being by an adjournment, which on many accounts appeared desirable.

Norma slipped away out of the court while the party from The Haigh were crowding round Astley, loading him with sympathy and kindness.

Lady Mytany insisted upon his coming home with them; and Astley, not sorry to put off the lonely return to the gaunt halls and echoing dreariness of The Haigh, accepted the invitation.

It was on the following day, early in the afternoon, that Norma, who kept indoors for fear of meeting Astley, and with a view to keeping a watch on the Raggetts' cottage, saw two smiling faces at the gate, and recognized, with tears in her own eyes at the sight, two visitors from The Haigh, in the persons of Sadie Brown and "Jack" Scorton.

She opened the door to them herself; but they would not come in; she must come out with them, they said.

"Poor child! She's been crying!" said

Next time you leave an order for Tea, ask for
LUDELLA
Ceylon. You'll appreciate it.

Sadie, with a caressing gesture.

"No, she hasn't," said Norma. "At least, she hadn't till she saw you."

"What! Don't say the sight of us made you miserable!"

"Miserable! Oh, no, just the reverse. I was glad, delighted, to see your kind, bright faces."

"There, Jack! isn't she nice?" said Sadie, turning with a smile to her young companion, who seemed rather nervous, and who blushed more than Norma had previously seen him do.

"Of course she's nice," said Jack laconically.

"Now put on your hat, there's a dear, good creature, and come out with us. We've got something to say to you; at least, one of us has," said Sadie, with an air of importance.

Norma did as she was told, and was soon walking up the lane between her two companions, who seemed overwhelmed by some fact or secret which they appeared to hesitate to divulge.

"You begin, Sadie," said Jack at last, leaning forward to throw a mysterious glance across the intervening Norma at the face of the bright American girl.

"Well, then, you must know that Jack has something very important to say to you, and that he wants me to open the matter for him," began Sadie gravely.

"I'm to tell you that what he is going to say is serious, and is the result of earnest thought, and that he hopes you won't treat it frivolously because he happens to be rather young."

"I'm not so very young," put in Jack with irritation. "I shall be nineteen in a week or two, which is, I fancy, about the age of—of you, too, isn't it?"

"I'm nineteen," said Norma, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, then, now I think I've said enough, and you can speak for yourself, Jack," said Sadie, as she suddenly turned and left the two together.

(To be continued.)

How Lillian Russell Keeps Young.

LILLIAN RUSSELL is described by Geraldine Bonner, who recently saw her at Weber & Fields' Theatre in New York, as "just the same old Lillian, exactly as good-looking, in the same perfectly regular way, as she ever was."

Theatergoers have always wondered how this popular actress contrived to retain her beauty, despite the flight of time, and so they will read with interest her article on "The Secret of How to Keep Young," which appears in a recent number of "Collier's Weekly."

Miss Russell declares that it is a comparatively simple thing for any person to keep fresh and youthful-looking without the aid of cosmetics, enamel, dyes and other mineral or vegetable substances which may serve the purpose for a time, but in the end leave the user all the worse for the application. She adds:

"There is nothing like exercise and diet to promote the good health which is a necessary accompaniment of—in fact, the vital principle that serves to preserve—youth and beauty. The average woman of to-day is apt to sacrifice all things to her comfort. Exercise is a bore; dieting is troublesome and almost painful; because effects are not at once apparent, she dispenses with any little reform in the mode of living which, in a contrite spirit, she may have taken up. I have known women who made firm resolves to undergo a systematic course of exercise and followed it up religiously for a few days, meanwhile scanning their glass eagerly to note results. None developing at once, they have voted the whole thing a fraud, and gone back to the old routine of pleasure and indolence. The woman who is really in earnest about preserving her beauty and youth will find, in a short time, that the few simple rules to follow soon become a source of genuine pleasure. I say rules, but that is not to be taken literally. There are no set rules to be followed; one must be guided by common sense, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, for mind has as much to do with accomplishing results as the actual training. The woman who assigns to herself the task and then goes about it in a desultory fashion, with half-hearted hopes of achieving ends, would better not

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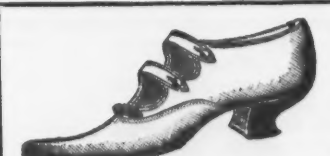
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To be had at all hotels and dealers.

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OF TORONTO, Limited



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Curious Bits of News.

According to an Omaha correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune," D. H. Hoffman, a Union Pacific machinist getting \$3 a day, has received the palm as the most expensively dressed man in that city. The extent of his wardrobe was brought to light in a trial in Omaha, where a man was charged with stealing a suit-case full of clothing from him. While under oath he stated that the grip contained \$6 worth of neckties. "How many neckties have you altogether?" asked the attorney. He replied: "I have \$400 worth of neckties." The court gasped and the attorney turned pale. "Is the rest of your wardrobe in proportion?" asked the attorney. "It is," responded the witness. Hoffman was dressed faultlessly.

When Henry Hiemenz, jr., of St. Louis died the other day he left \$1,000,000 and a will which provided that his widow, who inherited the entire fortune, was to strew the grave of his first wife with flowers every Sunday and on the anniversaries of her birth and death. This probably is the acme of refined cruelty. If the testator had provided that the widow, in order to keep the money, must climb a greased pole every Sunday morning, or give up corsets, or do her own washing, other women might have gone to her and encouraged her with the assurance that the money was worth the sacrifice; but to be compelled to strew flowers on the grave of the woman who is now, let us hope, happy with the man in paradise will undoubtedly be regarded by all sober-minded women as too much.

The English papers tell of a young Parisian in London, visiting the "Chamber of Horrors" at Mme. Tussaud's. Being alone, he was seized with an impulse to put his neck in the lunette wherein had rested that of Marie Antoinette. He lay down, touched a spring, and closed the collar. But how was he to release himself? If he touched the wrong spring the fatal axe might descend. Before long a crowd of visitors, led by an attendant, came on the scene. The guide was a bit of a linguist, and saw an opportunity, with himself as master of the situation. He at once began a practical lecture on the guillotine, interrupting his remarks with little asides in French to the indignant victim, asking him to scream louder or writhe more agonizingly. "How well he acts!" exclaimed the gratified onlookers. Finally the Parisian was released, and, answering the applause with maledictions, fled.

Authors at Work.

M. R. ANTHONY HOPE, who is very much in the public eye again through the success of his clever novel "The Intrusions of Peggy," has evidently no desire to make a secret of his literary methods. Here is his record of a day's work: "Let us suppose," he says, "that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working-den at 9.45, and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10. Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.
10.03. Light pipe, and sit down in large arm-chair by the fire.
10.15. Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)
10.45. I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything, after all.

11.15. I wish the—these people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!
11.45. Hullo! Will that do?
12. Hang it, that's no use!
12.30. I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40. Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)
1. Lunch! Good, I believe it's going.
1.30. Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

2.15. Well, I don't quite see my way to— Oh yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3. One, two, three—three hundred words, a page. Well, I've put that in in good time anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3.15. I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3.40. Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words, and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50. I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take my yet, that's all.

4. She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

4.15. Oh, confound it!

4.45. Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight now!

5. Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over.

I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've brought it.

5.03. It's not so bad, though, after all.

5.11. I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5.15. H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5.20. No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5.25. Pretty smart ending!

5.30. Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story

Salesmen's Trials.

Bad Food is One of Them.

Road traveling is rather hard on salesmen. Irregular hours, indifferent hotels and badly-cooked food play smash with their digestion.

An old Philadelphia traveler tells how he got the start of his troubles by using Grape-Nuts. "For years I was troubled with a bad stomach, which gave me constant headaches and pains all through my body, caused by eating improper food. I spent considerable money on doctors, who said I had indigestion, and after taking medicine for a year and it doing me no good, I decided to go on a diet, but the different cereals I ate did not help me. If it hadn't been for the advice of a friend to try Grape-Nuts, I might be ailing yet."

"I commenced to feel better in a short time after using the food; my indigestion left me; stomach regained its tone so that I could eat anything, and headaches stopped. I have gained in weight, and have a better complexion than I had for years. At many hotels the salesmen will have nothing in the line of cereals but Grape-Nuts, as they consider it not only delicious, but also beneficial for their health in the life they lead." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!

5.35. Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again to-day.

"There it is—How a Story is Written. By One Who Has Done It."

That remark about the "dozen men in England" represents a momentary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion.

In answer to a request to tell his readers how he worked, Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose new book, "The Little White Bird," has just been published, wrote the following on a crumpled piece of paper that had evidently once contained tobacco:

Journalism.	
2 pipes	1 hour
2 hours	1 idea
1 idea	3 pars
3 pars	1 leader

Fiction.	
8 pipes	1 ounce
7 ounces	1 week
2 weeks	1 chap
20 chaps	1 nib
2 nibs	1 novel

The Story of a Pioneer.

H. S. Barnes of Rat Portage Tells of the Trials of the Early Settler.

Suffered Terribly From Kidney Complaint, But Was Speedily Relieved and Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Rat Portage, Ont., Nov. 24.—(Special.)—Everybody in Rat Portage knows H. S. Barnes, father of a former mayor and one of the oldest inhabitants of the metropolis of New Ontario. Though seventy-nine years of age, Mr. Barnes looks younger than many men of many fewer years, and is possessed of wonderful vitality and activity.

A pioneer of this district, Mr. Barnes tells many tales of early life in the wilds of New Ontario, but none more interesting than the following:

"I was terribly troubled with Kidney Complaint. I suffered severely with pains across my back, and with a scalding, burning sensation when urinating that was very painful.

"Though I had little faith in proprietary medicines, I had a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house that I had procured for my wife, and commenced taking them with good effect.

"It was not long till my acquaintances started to greet me on the street with, 'Hello, Mr. Barnes, how young you are looking!' They were not astray. I felt smart, too, and feel younger and in better health than I have been for years. My Kidney Complaint was completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Plea For the Plain Husband.

AS the result of examining a very extensive collection of portraits of the newly married obtained from the illustrated papers, the present writer has come to the conclusion that the plain man is just now in the heyday of his popularity, matrimonially speaking!

It would seem that while the handsome man is charming to dally with, someone whose features are homely, indeed even ugly, is regarded as the wiser matrimonial venture.

The wife of the modern Adonis appears to have discovered, in fact, that by her own act she has created a problem that may bring her many hours of uneasiness, if not of actual pain.

Her husband lives upon the approbation of others. Her own worship of him may for a while suffice to satisfy him; but later on he will assuredly need that of the outside world. And the outside world is only too pleased to grant him all the admiration he requires. Balls, dinner-parties, picnics, skating meetings demand his presence constantly, but make no point of his wife being there at all, a fact she quickly discerns and proportionately resents. Should she absent herself from such gaieties, she imagines her husband making himself too agreeable to this pretty woman or that, and should she become a hanger-on of his popularity, she is all the while seething with hatred for her equivocal position.

Much of the vanity of the handsome man arises from the indissoluble adoration showered upon him in childhood. As he grows up he is made much of outside the family circle, because it is pleasant to have in a room full of guests as many handsome men as possible. And the sequel? Is it not obvious? When he fell in love, it was not altogether because his choice was fair and sweet, but because she, too, paid him the tribute of admiration.

Now, it is all very well to put a man on a pedestal and wreath him with bays before marriage; but what a woman wants after marriage is a good and serviceable article in the way of a husband.

It is excessively annoying to a woman always to have to play second fiddle pi-

anismo when the beauty question is uppermost. Breathe there the wife in any household who dislikes some little passing mention made from time to time about her good looks and charming individuality? But the wife of an Adonis obtains little of this sweet incense.

Sweep away this picture and contemplate the companion one of the plain husband. His object is to make life a bed of roses for his wife and family. Unselfishly the plain man toils.

The plain husband "puts up" with things. Did ever a handsome one brook the domestic trials he cheerfully endures? Somehow the handsome man is expected to regard calamities from quite a different standpoint. Nay, more, the ugly, good-humored head of a household is expected to be the handy man of the family. If a chimney smokes, his plain features must be begrimed in an attempt to get at the root of the mischief; if a pipe leaks, his red and uncultured paws are quite good enough to probe the defect to its very depths. What handsome curled darling could possibly be expected to risk his good looks by performing such nasty tasks as these?

The Usual Way.

He took a pill.
He paid the bill.
He made his will.

In sombre crape
His heirs all drape,
And mourn in shroud.

A year they wait,
Till surrogate
The will probate.

And then with zest
The same contest,
Good man at rest.

While on this sphere,
From far and near,
All held him dear.

Great men of mind
In him did find
Their fellow-kind.

Alas, in vain!
Now past earth's pain,
Adjudged "insane."

The suit these win.
The rest chagrin.
The lawyers—in.

—EX.

Sheep's Clothing.

ONCE there was a bad man who was good-looking. Bad men are not always good-looking, but good-looking men are often bad. Perhaps they are bad because they are good-looking. At any rate, that is why our bad man was bad. He was always falling in with women and falling out with men. Men and women would not let him be good. They would only let him be good-looking. He was big and strong, and his legs were straight and his shoulders were broad. His face was the face of a Greek god. His complexion was a rich, clear olive; his eyes brown and bright; his hair short and black; his mouth full-lipped, yet firm.

There was a good-looking girl who lived opposite the good-looking man. The girl was small and dainty and flower-like. Her face was pink-and-white and lovely; her eyes big and blue; her hair light and soft and wavy; her mouth small and red. And the good-looking girl was good. The good-looking man soon found that out. He smirked at the good-looking girl. But she only smiled back, sadly.

And the man became intensely interested in the good-looking girl, and, finally, he spoke to her.

"Let me talk to you," he whispered; "I know everything."
"Then I cannot let you talk to me," answered the girl, quietly, "for I know nothing." She paused, and then went on: "But I suspect a lot. I suspect that men are either wolves or sheep; and I suspect that they are mostly wolves; I like sheep."

And the girl walked away. But the man stood still. He was dumfounded. The girl had not fallen in love with him! Instead, he had fallen in love with her!

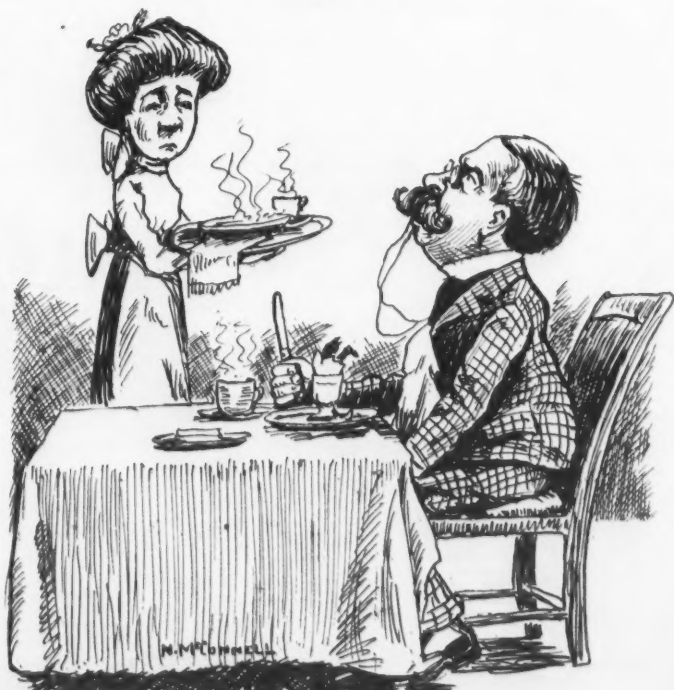
"And she doesn't like wolves!" he mused; "and she does like sheep!" Then he went and donned sheep's clothing.

The good-looking man ceased to smirk at the good-looking girl. But he smiled at her, sadly, even as she had smiled at him. And he loved her with all his heart and soul. Finally, he spoke to her again. "I respect and revere you," he whispered.

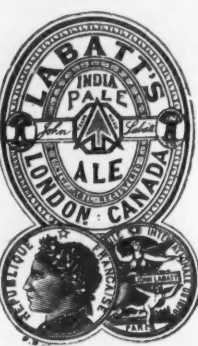
"And I respect you," said the girl. After that, the good-looking man and the good-looking girl were often together. The man was always courteous and devoted, and the girl was always gentle and kind. They loved each other, dearly.

One day a good-looking woman, who was bad, came to see the good-looking girl, who was good. And the good-looking woman, who was bad, said to the good-looking girl, who was good, "The good-looking man who comes to see you is not good; he is bad. I, too, am bad."

Breaking it Gently.



Boarder—I say, my dear girl, you've made a mistake. I ordered an egg, and here is a chicken in the half-shell.



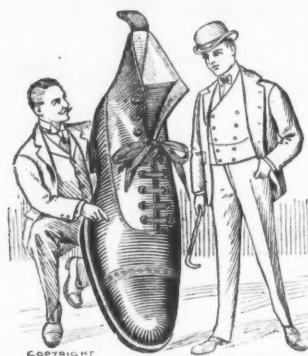
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Do you know
Clark's Delicious
Pork and Beans?

"Grappling in the Central Blue."

(Being "Mr. Punch's" report of the duel between M. Santos-Dumont and Comte de la Vaulx as fixed to take place in the vast innane.)

PARIS had slept uneasily. All night long the lights burned mysteriously in the offices of the leading papers, and here and there in the darkness could be heard the rhythmic "puff! puff!" of gasoline engines.

As the first streaks of dawn began to struggle through the mists, the sound of the engines became more noticeable, and presently from the shadows in the North a huge airship slid silently across the tremulous city. A moment later a dozen were on the wing, waiting for the principals to appear. As yet the scene of the battle had not been announced, but soon a tense whisper hissed through the chilly air:

"The Eiffel Tower."

Ah! At last it was known. The first above of the new regime was to take place above the greatest engineering triumph of the old.

By this time the air was dark with dirigible balloons and dusky airships moving in wide spirals through the silvery dawn. An anchored balloon shot up on either side of the Eiffel Tower, and everyone knew that they contained the seconds of the high opposing parties, who had in this way measured off the distance for the duellists.

Santos-Dumont was the first to appear on the scene. There was something falcon-like in the vicious rapidity of his movements, and as he circled about the balloon that contained his seconds an occasional flirt of the tail-propellers of his airship showed clearly that he was in the best of spirits.

Your correspondent, who was hovering just above the scene in an aeroplane borrowed from Mr. H. G. Wells' story "When the Sleeper Wakes," was constantly sweeping the horizon with his binoculars, and was the first to descry Comte de la Vaulx as he moved bulkily towards his station at the other balloon. There was need for haste, for the gentlemen were already aware of what was taking place, and were frantically searching for telescopes sufficiently powerful to draw the law-breakers down near enough to be arrested.

Just at the moment when the sun touched the horizon with gold, the seconds of Comte de la Vaulx dropped a

parachute as a signal, and the duellists swooped at one another with a great rattle of machinery and odor of gasoline; but at that moment a puff of wind struck them unawares, and before they had a chance to recover they were separated by several meters. Santos-Dumont was the first to adjust himself to the new conditions, but he courteously waited for his enemy to pull in part of his sail acreage and make his airship obey its rudder.

As the wind had now become steady from the east, the duel was drifting rapidly towards the English Channel, leaving the seconds anchored near the Eiffel Tower. Something had to be done quickly, and it was. Rushing upon his enemy like an eagle upon a swan in mid-air, Santos-Dumont punctured his gas reservoir with a quick thrust of his fountain pen, provided for the occasion by a press agent.

At this, De la Vaulx threw up both wings and sank helplessly to the earth. It had been arranged by the seconds that he who drew first gas was to be the victor.

A woman in pursuit of a late summer gown stood in front of a counter heaped with foulards in a big store. A blue ground with a white polka dot seemed to please her best, but she paused irresolutely. "It looks just like the old indigo blue calicoes they used to wear when I was a little girl in the country," she said, discontentedly. "Madame," said the portly salesman, "long after you and I are dead and gone women will be wearing blue and white polka dots. They have worn them since the race emerged from barbarism. They will wear them until it sinks into it again." After that protestant gravity and heavy philosophy the woman bought the dress in a dazed silence.—Tacoma "Ledger."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Drama

Edward E. Rice has the faculty, akin to genius, of surrounding himself with clever people. He is always discovering talent where no one has suspected it. And his discoveries have the fortunate habit of "making good." "The Show Girl," that frolicsome melange of music and tomfoolery which Mr. Rice is presenting at the Princess Theater this week, would be nothing without the sprightly, good-looking and versatile people in the cast. But it is precisely in getting and keeping together people of this sort that Mr. Rice shines, and certainly in "The Show Girl" he has assembled a wonderful aggregation of comedians, dancers, comely men and shapely women, with a fair sprinkling of passable vocalists.

"The Show Girl" aims to satisfy those who are looking for sixty laughs to the hour. It is confessedly a fabric of sheer nonsense. In reality it is a varied and vivacious vaudeville performance, based on the alleged adventures of a Yankee theatrical company stranded in Cyprus. The manager, who delights in possessing the euphonious name of Dionysius Fly, by miraculous means becomes the owner of a wonderful wishing-cap, which is served by a genie, after the manner of Aladdin's lamp. Fly, being in sore straits, has many wishes coming, and succeeds in hopelessly confusing the already complicated situation in which he and his friends are found. The plot is of the very slightest—in fact there is no plot. But it must be confessed that both the conception and its application are immensely clever and amply excuse the utter lack of logical sequence.

Frank Lalor, Frank C. Young, Neil McNeil, Robert L. Dailey and David Abraham are a combination of comedians which has seldom been equalled in any similar production here. Lalor's impersonation of Dionysius Fly is an original and richly humorous piece of comedy. Robert L. Dailey, as Garrick Forrest Macready, a tragedian out of a job, acts with rare restraint and good taste. He is our old friend Wilkins Micawber realized in the flesh. David Abraham masquerades as a huge, frisky and ferocious Thomas Cat, made up with striking realism and a fine appreciation of the grotesque. Mr. Abraham's work is at once unique and absurdly funny. Amongst the women, Misses Kathryn Hutchinson, Bessie De Voie, Yolande Wallace, Marie Hilton and Anna McNabb and "the three Rosebuds," a dancing and high-kicking trio, are all genuinely gifted in their several lines, and Misses Hutchinson, De Voie and Wallace are remarkable for their good looks. The chorus is a captivating array of femininity, and can appear in tights, as in the final tableau, without apologies to the audience.

The music is best described as catchy but original—"reminiscent," to use the favorite term of the dailies. The best songs are interpolations. Some of these, as "Spotless Towel" and "There's Where She Sits All Day," are highly enjoyable. Mr. David Lythgoe has the best voice, male or female, in the outfit.

The costuming and scenery of "The Show Girl" are sumptuous and satisfying.

But when all is said it is a performance that leaves no pleasure in the retrospect. Its entertaining qualities have no substance. It is froth from beginning to end, and, like froth, it quickly vanishes.

If it is true that that fine old Irish comedian, Mr. Joseph Murphy, purchased a new play many years ago, to be produced when "Shaun Rhue" and "The Kerry Gow" had seen their best days, isn't it about time for Mr. Murphy to brush the dust of ages from that manuscript and start rehearsing it? Joe Murphy still draws with his time-honored (and, it must be confessed, time-stained) plays of the vintage of '72—as witness the crowds at the Grand this week. He draws the people; incidentally he also draws their dollars, which, from Mr. Murphy's standpoint, may be more important. It is, however, a question of professional ethics—if there are any ethics in "the" profession—how far an actor is entitled to work his compatriots on the patriotic graft, and how high he may pile the shovels without feeling that he has received more than he has earned. Mr. Joseph Murphy has played "Shaun Rhue" and "The Kerry Gow" probably over five thousand times each. They certainly owe him nothing. The difficulty, however, is that an actor who plays the same role more than two or three thousand times is apt to go through his performance without feeling that he owes the public something. People who go to the theater once in a decade, or whose knowledge of plays is solely derived from an agricultural hall at a cross-roads, are generally enthusiastic over Mr. Murphy's dramas. But there are a few people in large towns like Toronto who have heard of the last war, and it is time for Mr. Murphy to change cars.

That is a most amusing sketch which Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena give at Shea's Theater this week, entitled "For Reform." Incidentally it teaches a valuable lesson in a rather impressive way. A young husband whose wife has gone "batty" on the subject of reforming cab-drivers, and who is quite prepared to neglect her domestic duties in order to attend evening meetings of the

MISS ROSSELLE KNOTT.



With "A Modern Magdalen."

"reformers," has the tables deftly turned on her by her spouse and is herself "reformed." In the development of the situation there are some excruciatingly funny incidents. The acting of Mr. Stanton and Miss Modena is not of the most accomplished sort, but they make their points in a rough-and-ready, effective way. The Stavordale quintette, with a harp and four banjos, produce a novel voice effect which is very deceptive. Bets have been made that they employ a singer or singers in the wings, but the manager of the quintette offers a reward to anyone proving that anything but instruments are employed. Lew Hawkins, a black-faced monologist, is one of the best in his line. Brannan and Martini give a fine exposition and expose, combined, of so-called "magic." The way in which one member of the team blunderingly reveals how the other accomplishes his deceptions is both amusing and instructive. Other contributors to a rather better than usual vaudeville performance are Fox and Foxie, a clown and a trick dog; Evans and St. John, a song and dance team; Waterbury Bros. and Tenny, a musical trio, and La Fleur, who does a foolhardy and spectacular tumbling act. The kinetograph pictures illustrate the old story of Ali Baba and the forty thieves.

The Twelfth Night Club held its first meeting of the present season at the Metropolitan School of Music on Monday evening. This club, which in the beginning consisted only of pupils of Miss Lillian Burns, developed considerably last year, and now—as "outsiders" are being admitted—it promises to have a large membership. The programme for the season is for some eighteen meetings, in which readings from Dickens, the "children's" poets, Ruskin, Shakespeare, Tennyson and Canadian authors will be given, and interspersed will be evenings for debate and others of special interest. Last Monday evening was devoted to Browning, selections being given by Miss Burns with all her customary grace and charm of style. A large audience was present by special invitation, of whom many made application for membership in the club.

LANCE.

"A Modern Magdalen," by Haddon Chambers, is making a great success everywhere it is produced. It will be presented at the Princess Theater the first half of next week, with the usual Wednesday matinee, by a company of which Miss Amelia Bingham, the well-known actress-manager, is proprietress. The company includes Roselle Knott, W. J. Ferguson and Franklyn Roberts, Daniel Jarrett, Victor M. de Silke, Harry Lillford, Bernard McGuire, Frederick Leet, Agnes Findlay, Katherine Fisher, Laura Osborn, Alice Braham, Marion Johnson, Eveline Haven. "A Modern Magdalen" is said to be a strong and forceful drama, remarkable for attention to detail, and well conceived in both characters and situations.

The "Florodora" girls, who are again to be at the Princess Theater next week (Thursday, Friday and Saturday) have been the subject of much attention from dramatic reviewers during the past two years, and all manner of fads, sensations, etc., have been ascribed to them. However, it was the music of the play and not its "pretty maidens" that was responsible for a somewhat sensational scene that followed the graduating exercises in the chapel of Oberlin University, Ohio, one day last June. After the graduating exercises a number of the students gathered in the gymnasium building to witness a reproduction of the "Florodora" double sextette, which was presented by twelve of the students. When this was finished one of the young ladies sat at the piano and began to play the catchy music which has made the play famous, and instantly every pair of feet in the room began to keep time. At this juncture Rev. Frank Saunders appeared and appealed to them to desist, explaining that the "building was dedicated to a higher purpose." His words had the effect of driving the students out of the building, but they took trolley cars for

a nearby park and sang and danced to their hearts' content. All of which goes to prove that when "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" has the field it is impossible to restrain the spirits of those who hear this delightful air.

The management of Shea's Theater promises for the coming week a well selected vaudeville bill. The Elinore Sisters will present a sketch entitled "Mrs. Delaney," said to be one of the most laughable farces on the stage. The Elinore Sisters are to star next season in their own company and this will be their last trip in vaudeville. The Elinore Sisters will be assisted in their act by four men. Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis will offer a new school-room skit entitled "A Winter Session," which is said to be hugely funny, the pranks of the big fellow who takes the part of the naughty boy being specially laughable. T. W. Eckert and Emma Berg will be heard in a Japanese operetta, "Little Pee Weet," which is one of the most handsomely staged acts on the road. They carry their own scenery and their voices are said to be good. The piano playing of Mr. Eckert, it is promised, will be one of the features of the show. The Five Juggling Johnsons, who are well known in Toronto, have just returned from Europe, where they astonished everybody with their skill as club jugglers. Loney Haskel in a new monologue, and "That Raskel," as he is called, besides Lillian and Shorty Dewill in an eccentric sketch; Swan and O'Day, blackface comedians, and the kinetograph, will complete the bill.

A Man of Force and Vision.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, who addressed over two hundred members of the Canadian Club at noon on Wednesday, and in the evening spoke to a large audience in Massey Hall on "Race Problems," made a deep impression in Toronto. Mr. Washington is not nearly "as black as he has been painted." His pictures convey the idea that he is a typical African of a very dark shade; as a matter of fact he is decidedly light in color and considerable white blood undoubtedly flows in his veins. In feature and figure, however, he is typical of his race. He is short and thick-set, and his face, though light in color, is the face of the negro. Mr. Washington was born a slave; he thinks it was in the year 1858 or 1859, but his appearance is that of a man not over forty. As a speaker his chief characteristics are easy fluency, with an incisive, nervous diction that moulds his thoughts into short, clear-cut sentences and eschews the periodic form. He has a wonderful gift of humor. But behind the laughter in his words, one detects the almost plaintive tone of a man who has struggled and suffered almost to the point of despair, and who has borne the burdens of a despised people in his heart. When he leaves humor aside and deals seriously with his subject, he becomes impassioned, earnest to the point of vehemence, a very volcanic of energy. And yet his eloquence is never mere rhetoric. It is the eloquence of reason, of common sense—the eloquence of a man who knows and knows that he knows. His vision is prophetic. Mr. Washington allays race prejudice, though stoutly championing the rights of the black man. If there is a solution for the problem of the color line, Mr. Washington has probably found that solution in industrial education for the negro as exemplified in his wonderful institution at Tuskegee. J. A. T.

Misunderstood.

A YOUNG lady was recently spending her first month in the Latin Quarter of Paris. She spoke English fluently, also German; she could make a fair stagger at Italian, and knew a few words of Hindoostanee, but of French not a syllable. One morning she found herself in a wrestling match with a bottle of French shoe blacking. The pesky bottle, understanding that it had to deal with an alien, refused to give up its cork. She had no cork-screw of her own, and did not know how to ask for one, even if she dared suspect that her next-door neighbor might be possessed of the luxury. The time of her pet fork she had bent on the obstinate plug, the point of her best pen-knife she had broken off short, and nothing remained except to throw the bottle out of a window to get at its contents. She decided, as a last resort, to try breaking the neck off the bottle. With a "stove lid lifter" she administered several cautious taps in the region of the jugular of the obstinate neck. "Nuthin' doin'." Then she tapped harder still, and the blacking came. All over her fingers it came, all over her light woollen skirt and over much of the floor and window sill. She decided to have the skirt cleaned, and, packing it into a bundle, tripped off to an establishment where she found embarrassment because she could not understand questions. Finally she got the drift of the conversation. The cleaners wanted to know what had caused the spot. Fortunately, a bottle of shoe blacking was standing near by, and she pointed at this and "oid" and "oid" until she left in heightened spirits, feeling that she was not helpless, and that she had made the cleaners understand. When the skirt was duly returned the following week imagine her disappointment, surprise and indignation—it was dyed black.

Fare.

Ill fares the land, and that in various ways,
Where wealth accumulates, and health decays.
Instead of good, substantial bread and meat,
Some malted, predigested mush we eat—
We break our fast with mush, off mush we lunch,
At dinner mush, and yet more mush we munch.
—"Life."



Prohibition Party to Liquor Party—Get ready, sir. I'm going to give you the confoundest lickin' you ever got.

Church Music in Toronto.

VII.—ST. SIMON THE APOSTLE.

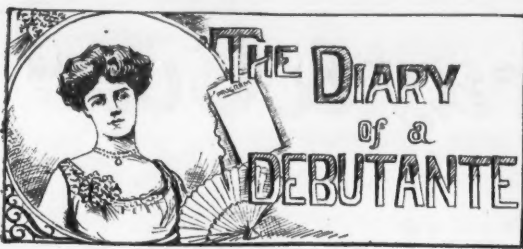
THE services last Sunday at St. Simon's Church were held in connection with the opening of the reconstructed organ, and I took the opportunity of attending the "Evensong." The church was completely filled by the congregation, and it was evident from remarks I overheard before the service commenced that there was a good deal of expectant curiosity as to the result of the experimental alterations which had been made to the organ by the builder as suggested by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the organist and choirmaster. The finishing touches to the instrument had only been completed late on Saturday night, so that these services afforded the first practical test of its capabilities. I was given a seat almost at the back of the auditorium, and consequently found myself close to the great organ, which had been placed at the extreme end of the nave, facing the altar, while the swell and choir sections had been erected in the chancel. From this position I heard effects that I should say had not been contemplated either by organist or builder. When the choir was singing with the "great," the accompaniment was heard just a shade in advance of the sound of the voices, and when the chancel organ was used alternatively it seemed like a tardy echo of the "great." The effect of the pedal of the "great" was still more curious, the bass notes standing out bald and startling as if apart from the choir. It is difficult to say whether the result was wholly due to the acoustics of the church, or partly to some defect in the connections. I estimated that the distance from the chancel to the great organ is about one hundred feet, and according to the laws of sound velocity, in that case a person seated where I was would hear the choir about one-twelfth of a second after the accompaniment on the "great." To an auditor at the other end of the church, the effect would be reversed. Evidently the acoustics were a factor in the phenomenon, for later, on changing my seat to one near the center of the church, I heard the different sections of the organ quite satisfactorily. I presume that the intention in adopting the present arrangement was to aid the congregational singing by putting the great organ where it would not be muffled.

The musical service at this church is of the plain cathedral style. Mr. Harrison, who has been organist and director since the foundation of the church in 1888, has now a choir of forty-two voices, divided as follows: Twenty boys sopranos, two boy altos, seven tenors, and thirteen basses. He has gradually organized and trained the boys and has brought them to a satisfactory state of efficiency for the Anglican service. He has no solo boys, or at any rate, if he has, he does not employ them in solo work. The choir is surplised in white, and makes the usual processional and recessional entrance and exit. The selections were not at all pretentious or ornate. The opening organ voluntary was Boelmann's "Priore" (Suite Gothique), a quiet and suggestive preface to the devotions. After the processional hymn, "Rejoice, ye Pure in Heart," and the festal responses of Tallis, Marks' "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in C were sung. The anthem, to which as a rule not much prominence is given at St. Simon's, was the "All Men, all Things" from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." In this, owing, no doubt, to my unfortunate position, the effect was somewhat cloudy, but the technical delivery of the choir was apparently clear. The adult section of the choir sang throughout effectively and with good power and tone considering their numbers, while the voices of the boys were always sweet, and their attack was well poised. In the congregational singing I missed the solidity, sonority and zest in praise which proved so inspiring in the singing at several other churches I have visited recently. There was altogether too much treble. Upon counting the occupants of the benches in my vicinity, I found that there were about six women to every man. Whether the same proportion obtained throughout the auditorium I cannot say. I must admit that the fair devotees sang with much enthusiasm and with a pleasant quality of voice, and it speaks well for them that their efforts were not discouraged in the absence of a more dominant masculine co-operation. Stainer's "Sevenfold Amen" and the recessional hymn to the tune of Haydn's "God Preserve the Emperor" concluded the service properly.

I have already spoken of the uniform sweetness of the boys' voices. They showed evidences in all that they attempted of careful training, both musically and technically. Mr. Harrison, I understand, in his instruction of the boys in voice production has adopted the method, advocated by leading authorities, of developing the "head" tones and training the voices downwards, employing descending exercises almost exclusively. The system seems to be very successful, judging from what I heard, in maintaining the musical quality and uniformity of the voices. With these boys the nasal and forced chest notes, so disagreeable a feature of the singing of many boys' choirs in Canada, are conspicuous by their absence.

About half the congregation retained their seats on the conclusion of the order of service to hear Mr. Harrison play on the new organ. His solos were the "Andante and Allegro Maestoso" from Mendelssohn's fourth organ Sonata, Wheelton's "Cantilene," Renaud de Vilbac's "March Triomfale" and Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus. These were all played with legitimate organ style and sound execution, and, moreover, served to prove that for the size of the church, which will seat about eight hundred, the organ is sufficiently powerful and varied, and is a very serviceable instrument. Some pretty contrasts were brought out in the Wheelton number, and the "March" was sufficiently brilliant. For the "Hallelujah" one would have preferred a more powerful instrument. The Sonata was conscientiously and artistically rendered. The organ cost \$16,000 to rebuild. As reconstructed it makes no pretensions to being a concert instrument. There are no fancy reed stops, Glockenspiel, Vox Humana, nor muted registers that one can scarcely hear. The "great" has seven registers, the "swell" ten, and the "choir" five. The pedal organ has three sixteen foot stops. There are the necessary mechanical accessories in the shape of couplers, electric switches, "great to swell" and "great to choir," with pneumatic pistons to "great." It will need more experience with the present arrangement to decide positively as to the curious acoustics. The congregation considers that the church is excellent for sound-carrying properties.

It is only just to Mr. Harrison to say that the musical services of the church have been developed from modest beginnings commensurately with the material growth of the congregation. There are indications that an enlargement of the church may have to follow the enlargement of the organ in the near future, the more especially as the church ministers to a large and expanding district. The expansion of the musical service will necessarily, however, have to be confined within certain limits. The elaborate anthems and selections drawn upon in the leading Methodist churches would perhaps be inadmissible. It is Mr. Harrison's object to bring up the choral singing to the highest state of church efficiency, and inclusively to maintain the standard of the quality of the voices of the boys as well as of their singing. The service being such as it is does not offer so many opportunities for purely musical comments as would a more elaborate system. The order of the morning service may be quoted in this connection as giving a sample of the regular work: Opening voluntary, "Benediction Nuptiale," Saint-Saens; processional, Hymn 307 A. and M.; "Venite," Anglican; "Te Deum" in C. Roland Smart; "Benedictus," Anglican; "Kyrie," Agutter; Nicene creed, Agutter; anthem during offertory, "Rejoice in the Lord," Caikin; "Sanctus," "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei" in E flat, Roland Smart; "Sevenfold Amen," Stainer; "Nunc Dimittis," Anglican. CHERUBINO.



THE DIARY of a DEBUTANTE

There is decidedly nothing sensuous about the Scotch! I've been trying to learn the Scotch dances, that I may not be behind the rest of the young folks at the St. Andrew's Ball, but I cannot get up any enthusiasm for them. They make me very hot and very flushed and very tired, and they are so jiggety, no suggestion of poetry of motion in them, rather a will-o'-the-wisp, Jack-o'-lanternish sort of progression, and vastly disturbing, I think. And then, there is always a possibility of some brawny Scot hooking on to one's bare arm and leaving a red mark for the rest of the evening. They hook on so abominably tight! The girls I know insisted upon my trying them, and that girl who nearly made Mrs. Bountiful angry with me at the dinner screamed with laughter at my first attempt. "Luke at Miss Debutante," said a Scotch young girl. "She's so serious over it. Luke how she points her fute," and the other girl laughed again and whispered (quite a stage whisper), "And yet the men say she dances well. Quel gout!" I have tried to be nice to that last girl, but I shall have to own I don't find it easy. I told Mamma once, when she had been quite rude to me. "Why does she do it?" I questioned, and Mamma smiled as if she were very much amused and said, "Really, dattie, I don't think I'll tell you. Poor young lady!" which, of course, makes it more mysterious than ever.

The only other person I told was the Butterfly, or rather he saw her being rude, and asked me whether I minded. I said, "Of course I do," and perhaps he told her so, for she is rather nice since, which reminds me that the Butterfly hasn't been nearly so much with me lately. He has rather taken up with a very jolly girl from the East. I miss him sometimes, but there is always some one to take his place. The rude lady says the girl from the East is a hoyden—to me she seems all that is bright and lovable. Ah! I wonder whether the rude lady doesn't like to have the Butterfly very attentive to anyone. Perhaps that is why Mamma laughed. Still, no one takes the Butterfly seriously, unless perhaps the rude lady may. I am beginning to find society very interesting, wheels within wheels. Formerly, it never occurred to me that deep feuds could go on for years and years between people who were always smiling and sweet to one another. But I find such is the case, and I understand how wise Mamma's caution was about expressing opinions. One might tell one of these smiling ladies something not perhaps quite complimentary to the other, and that one would repeat one's words to annoy that other one. It was, indeed, a wise caution, and has kept me out of several holes, because in Mamma's circle there are several deep feuds on. It's like walking over gunpowder mines sometimes!

There was a great discussion at a house where I was spending the evening a few nights ago, about the temperance question. They said we should all be very much interested in it, and some one asked whether the debutantes would use their influence with their men friends to get them to give up indulging in wine. Fancy me asking the Butterfly not to take sherry with his soup. What an impertinence! Charlie Jones doesn't care for wine, and I'm sure if I asked him to stop taking a glass of beer he'd think I was crazy. My father takes a glass of whiskey and water at bedtime every night of his life, and sometimes Mamma takes a tiny one with him, and they tease each other for being such old toppers. Fancy my daring to tell them they shouldn't! There is something wrong about "You shall" and "You shan't," unless, of course, it's policemen and criminals, and I don't believe they'll ever make a temperance nation that way. Still, as I don't know much about persons who take too much wine, except some silly boys and old men at dinners and weddings and suppers, who can't let the champagne alone, I shouldn't, according to Mamma, express an opinion about the matter. I don't believe I shall think about it any more, just now.

My interesting lady gave a tea the other day, and asked Mamma if I might "assist." I don't quite think Mamma wanted to say yes, but she did. The interesting lady's mother was a great, great friend of Mamma's mother! There's always something like that behind things—at all events, I went to assist. The tea was large and the work was hard. When the last guest had gone, I was so tired I wanted to weep, and when the hostess said she had asked the Corsair and a few other men to dinner and to spend the evening, I had to beg her to let me go home at once. I met the Butterfly as I was going to my cab, and when I told him how perfectly worn out I was he came home with me. I trembled so with fatigue that I could scarcely step into the cab, and once there I collapsed, until I found him helping me up our own front steps. He came in, and I heard him scolding in a very savage voice when he and Mamma met in the library. Norah took off my shoes and bathed my head, and told me Mamma had asked the Butterfly to dinner and wanted me to come down at nine if I felt able. I put on a soft kimono and lay down for an hour after I had some dinner. When I woke up it was eleven! Mamma was sitting on my bed and looking seriously at me. "Well, my child," she said, in a queer little voice, "did you sleep through it all?" "All what?" I asked. "The dinner, and the scolding of the Butterfly, do you mean?" Mamma put her arms around me, and I saw she had been crying. Mamma, of all women! "Not just the scolding of the Butterfly, though that was bad enough," she said, gently. "What did he say to you on the way home, my child?" "I'm sure I don't know," I said, yawning, "for I believe I was asleep. I know I had my head on his shoulder." "He says you fainted, dattie." "Good gracious!" was all I could think of, and I said it. "You don't remember what he said?" persisted Mamma. "Not one word, Mother dear. Why do you want to know?" Mamma put her arms tighter around me. "I don't," she said, laughing. "Now, drink this hot milk, and get your things off and to bed; and never, never ask me to allow you to assist at a tea again, because you are not sturdy enough, and, oh! dattie, dattie, you are my only one!" And Mamma really did cry, then, and laughed and kissed me. And I declare I can't imagine what was the matter with her!

But all these things are trifles compared to a very great sensation I have had. It all came from my getting those flowers. They have been coming several times since—roses, lily of the valley and violets, until I really began to be curious about who had sent them. Papa denied it, the Butterfly laughed at me. I know Charlie Jones couldn't, because he's only a student and has hardly any money. No other man who is very attentive to me was left to guess but the Englishman. So last night in the conservatory I asked him straight out if he had been my good fairy, because I did want to thank him. We've been great friends, you know, in a quiet, nice way; I always save him two dances (and we always sit them out, because he really does dance abominably), and we've had such good talks. You know he was the first person who ever made me talk, because he listened so beautifully. When I asked him about the flowers he laughed and said, "Not guilty," and asked me whether I really didn't know, and then apologized at once quite formally. Suddenly he said, "I am going to tell you the story of my past life," not in joke, as the slang saying is, but very seriously, so that I was at once im-



Miss Irene Britton.
Photos by Lynde.



Miss Emma H. Gilmour.

pressed. Oh, my dear Diary, I must confess I cried! I am like Mamma, not very emotional, but it is the very first tragedy I've known about. The Englishman is married, and his wife has gone away from him and taken their little child, and he wants to see it so much, and it's such a pity and he spoke so beautifully of the pleasure he'd taken in our talks, and said the loveliest things about me, I really can't write them down, and just in the midst of it all there came that woman who had laughed at me about the flowers, and she began shrieking. "Oh, you naughty girl, every one thought you had gone home, and here you are, flirting like a hardened coquette." I bounced at her (wasn't it dreadful of me?) and snapped at her, and said, "How dare you?" and when she had gasped and stared and the Englishman had taken himself away, I apologized as nicely as I could, and explained that he had been telling me a very sad story of a friend in England, and that I had been so gripped that I'd lost my manners, and wouldn't she please overlook it? And what do you think that dreadful woman said? "I really don't know, Miss Debutante, whether you are a clever minx or rather a fool."

Converting People to the Theater.

THE successful and popular run of two weeks which the spectacular drama, "Ben Hur," had in this city raises the question whether it would not pay the theaters, as a simple business proposition, to appeal to a wider constituency, much of which they do not at present touch, by giving us more plays of a high moral tone and thus enlisting the support of a class who ordinarily shun the drama as a plague. It is noteworthy that plays which make a distinct appeal to religious sentiment are generally well patronized. Some of the most marked financial successes recorded in the recent annals of the stage have been with dramas belonging to this class. There are an immense number of people who do not regularly, nor even occasionally, patronize theatrical entertainments; their attitude towards the theater is one of distrust or of indifference. Many of these people can be induced to go to the play only when they are assured of its moral bona fides or when it makes a pronounced appeal to their personal predilections in some special regard. From the business point of view, if from no other, the problem of the box-office ought to be to widen the constituency of the theater, to make theater-goers of non-theater-goers, and to reconcile, if possible, the divergent tastes of those whose sole desire is entertainment and those who look for some tinge of moral edification in their pleasures.

"Ben Hur" was well supported by the public of Toronto, and doubtless would have been even better supported had the prices of seats not been raised beyond the regular figures. There can be no question that a great many people who ordinarily do not darken the door of a theater from one year to another, went to see this remarkable spectacular and religious production. Anyone who is accustomed to Toronto audiences could see that the crowds which nightly assembled in the cosy Princess Theater were not average crowds of amusement lovers. Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the manager of the house, is disposed to scout the idea that all the strangers within his gates were Toronto people to whom the religious element in "Ben Hur" was an irresistible attraction. Mr. Sheppard points out that there were organized many special parties from surrounding towns. He thinks that the book having had a remarkable vogue, and the play being a famous triumph of spectacular stagecraft, it was natural that many people should desire to see the production, who do not ordinarily take much stock in the drama. But he argues that, strong as was the religious appeal of "Ben Hur," this appeal was not effective in making the engagement as profitable as the average attraction which makes no particular concession to the religiously inclined. In this connection it must, of course, be taken into account that the "Ben Hur" production was an unusually elaborate and expensive affair.

The very fact that it attracted a number of persons from a distance outside the city seems to bear out the contention that the theaters are making a mistake in sticking season after season to the musty forms of musical comedy, melodrama and light society plays which have been their usual stock in trade from time almost immemorial. They can get away from the conventional with advantage to them-

selves. When they do get away from the conventional they widen their constituency. The man or the woman who goes once to the theater and is pleased is not unlikely to go again. Theater-going is a habit that is easily formed. One play such as "Ben Hur" does more to break down the prejudices of a certain class against the playhouses than anything else could possibly do, because it brings people of that prejudiced class into the theater and shows them that it is not such a bad place to be in as they had imagined.

This, to be sure, is hardly Mr. O. B. Sheppard's view. Discussing the question with the writer, Mr. Sheppard contended that the theater, not the play, was the dividing line between those who condemn and those who countenance dramatic entertainments. A great many people simply would not come to a theater, no matter how elevating the play might be. The difficulty, Mr. Sheppard says, is that so many church people do not discriminate between artistic and elevating performances, like those of Mr. Willard for example, and demoralizing shows like "Zaza." They place them all on a level and in the same category, instead of supporting the good and condemning the evil. If the best element in the community would countenance the best actors and the best plays, and would patronize them more cordially, more unequivocally, questionable productions would find it far harder to succeed. Mr. Sheppard is quite willing that the theaters shall conform more to the ideals of the churches, but he says the churches must also be ready to recognize good work done in the theaters. There must be a better understanding between the two, and a more tolerant spirit, before either institution can help the other.

Mr. Sheppard also points out, reasonably enough, that in a city of Toronto's size a theatrical manager must provide variety. People soon grow tired of a run of a single class of attractions; they demand frequent change. The secret of managerial success is not to give the public too much of any one thing, but to give them as far as possible the best in every line. The manager of the Princess is evidently obeying his own precept in bringing Rice's "Show Girl" on the heels of "Ben Hur." There is nothing improper in the show at the Princess this week, but it is frankly and ostentatiously frivolous. It does not contain one serious line. It is clever and bright, but it is flippant. It is the sort of piece that, without being in the least immoral, has tended inevitably to lower the moral tone of the modern stage and to confine theater-going as a habit to those who have both time and money to squander, with, at the same time, an itching to have the senses rather than the heart or the intellect ministered unto. LANCE.

The Wish to be Young Again.

WE all say that we'd like to be young again, but I doubt if we really mean it, writes Harvey Sutherland in "Ainslee's." We'd like to have as good health as we had when we cast our first vote, and we'd like it if we didn't have to visit the dentist so often and so expensively. But if it came to the point that the Genii bounced out before us and sulkily growled, "What is your wish? I will obey, I and the other slaves of the lamp," I fancy we should study quite a while with many a "Why-ah, let me see, now," before we plucked up the courage to blurt out, "Make me twenty-one again." Because, you know, you haven't any too much sense now, with all your experience of the world, and if you were twenty-one again it would have to be in mind as well as in body. The mind is what the body is. It seems a terrible price to pay for a new set of teeth and an undiscriminating appetite. What? To walk again that weary, tortuous road; to discover again how many kinds of a fool and a failure one can be and not half try, either; to have to take over again all those terms of old Prof. Experience—huh-uh! Not for me, you may if you like. Even if I could start anew with what I have learned of life, which would come far short of what I should really need, it seems to me that it would be a bore to have to sit through the performance again. I suppose if ever there was a successful man, a lucky man, it was Martin Luther, and yet when the Electress of Brandenburg wished him forty more birthdays, he told her he would sooner give up every hope of heaven he had than spend forty years more on earth. To be sure, he would have had to spend them in Germany, but that's a detail.

Unionization of Public Servants.

IN one of the United States labor conclaves recently, it was decided to "unionize" the letter-carriers and affiliate the drivers of postal wagons with other Drivers' Associations throughout the Union. The dangerous nature of such a proposition must be recognized by everyone who remembers the incident of not many months ago in Australia, where a Government was overthrown by its employees banding themselves together to resist a decrease in pay made necessary by a deficit. It is intolerable to think of unions of either labor or capital combining against the general public or a Government. A recent case has served to rivet attention on this matter. In Schenectady, N.Y., where strikes have been in progress for some time, a man named Potter, who had served in the National Guard during the recent rioting in the Hudson Valley railway region, was discharged by his employers at the demand of the local unions. Potter, it appears, had served with credit throughout the war with Spain and was a competent workman, but his employers could not afford to risk trouble with the labor organizations. It is preposterous that labor unions should try to dominate either the army or the militia or should interfere with the Government without being made answerable, as are all other individuals and associations who are held guilty of treason if they do likewise.

There are two suggestions put forward in connection with this Schenectady incident of very unequal value. The New York National Guard proposes to debar all union men from membership in the militia, and retire at the end of their terms those who are in it. The other one is to prosecute for treason those guilty of interfering with the action or freedom of the soldiery in matters of public policy. Neither should the Unions interfere with the militia, nor in a time of peace and quiet should the militia interfere with the Unions by making rules against them. Each incident should be treated by itself and no general line of boycotting policy should be adopted by the military authorities.

The lengths to which the strikers in Schenectady were ready to go was shown by the attempted but ineffectual boycott of everyone riding on the local railway. That there is no gas or electric light is merely an incident to the strikers, but it must be a painful thing to those whose homes are left in darkness. Just now workmen, workwomen, and even boys, of every kind, are extraordinarily scarce, and employers and business men are easily terrified, but the cure will come either with a return of a scarcity of employment, or so intolerant will the triumphant men become that the thing will effect its own remedy. In the meantime Canada should prepare itself at the next session of Parliament against such evils by passing a compulsory arbitration law making it conspiracy for anyone in the public service to plan a general deprivation of the people, either local or general, of the use of either Governmental transportation and communicatory institutions or those public conveniences organized municipally for the convenience of all classes alike.

A Chinese Photographer.

THE great North-West of Canada has produced many odd features, and has the distinction of having the only Chinese photographer in America. Eighteen years ago Lloyd Wing Lee was an apprentice in the largest photograph parlors of the Mee Chong Company at Hong Kong, China.



Wing Lee was a cousin to Mee Chong and he was permitted to learn the trade, and served three years. He came to British Columbia, but had no success with the white patrons on the Coast, and removed to Moosomin, Manitoba, where he took pictures for seven years. Then he removed to Wolseley, N.W.T., where he now has his gallery, and his work has been reproduced in the "Strand" magazine, London, and Toronto papers.

Dooley on the Doings of Royalty.

COMMENTING on the columns of space devoted to the doings of Royalty in the daily newspapers, F. Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" says: "The king business is like a poker game. It's been goin' on for a long time, an' whiniver it puts its money in we lay down thinkin' we was up again; a hand full iv kings an' queens. But th' minyit they're a show-down th' bluff is over. Thin we see that th' hand that we were afraid iv is composed intirely iv sivins, sixes, an' dooces, with maybe wan jack that looks like a king only to near-sighted people. A show-down is death to riley. Whin I was a boy, if a king fell out with his folks, no wan knew iv it but th' earls an' markesses an' jooks that overheard th' row while they were waitin' on th' table. They didn't say anything, but wrote it down in a note book an' published it aither they was dead. Whin th' king passed th' butter plate so high to his wife that it caught her in th' eye, it was a riley secret. Whin his riley spouse pulled his majesty around th' room be th' hair iv th' head, th' tale remained in th' fam'ly till it got into history. Whin wan iv th' princisses threatened to skip with a jook, th' king touched th' spring iv th' thrapp durre an' her riley highness, Augostina Climintina Sofia Maria Mary Ann, wint down among th' coal an' th' potatoes an' niver was heard iv again. But nowadays 'tis different. Th' window shades is up at th' king's house as well as ivrywhere else. Th' gas is lighted an' we see his majesty stormin' around because th' dinner is late, kickin' the riley dog, whalin' th' princives iv th' blood with a lath, brushin' his crown beure goin' out, shavin' his chin, sneakin' a dhrink at bedtime, jawin' his wife an' makin' faces at his daughter."

Sonnet to a Terrier.

The "Monthly Review" prints a sonnet—dissembled, it is true, by an unconventional typographical arrangement, but a sonnet all the same—in which a rather fresh note is firmly struck. It is called "To a Terrier" and runs thus:

Poor little mortal! In that wiry frame
Reason and energy are well expressed;
And memory and faithful love confessed;
Thou hast a central will, a special name,

A moral nature, shown by sense of shame
When, different motives battling in thy breast,
Thou hast preferred the worst and left the best,
Knowing full well the act that merits blame.

If all thy hopes are in this earthly span
Of fleeting life, thou art a charge indeed;
Thy all depends upon thy master, man.

But if in thee is strong immortal seed,
If thy feet press the course we lately ran,
Then let us help a brother at his need.

The sonnet is by Mary E. Richmond, and many people will be glad to find her working the same vein again. Certainly there is no lack of themes. And if Miss Richmond has done so well by a mere terrier with only one soul, what will she do with the Cat, which, as everybody knows, has nine lives and seven devils?

IT MAY COME TO THIS.



Whoa! Go back! Scab fire!

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Anecdotal.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was once giving a piece of advice to a roomful of young men in a little village on the subject of matrimony. "When you marry," she said, "choose a woman with a spine and a sound set of teeth." "Good gracious!" Mrs. Stanton remarked one of her listeners, in alarm, "do they ever come without spines?"

Professor Powers of Cornell's political economy department was discussing the changed attitude that people have assumed (and in his opinion rightly assumed) toward the conveniences and the luxuries of life. "At a Methodist church convention," he said, "the delegates were talking on that subject, when an old graybeard arose and exclaimed angrily to the presiding bishop: 'I suppose you came here in a private car?' 'Yes,' the bishop answered; 'do you know any way more comfortable?'"

When Labouchere was an attaché of the British Ambassador to the United States a Briton of the consequential species descended on the ministry at Washington demanding to see his country's representative. "He's not in," said Labouchere. "Then I'll wait," said the Briton pompously, seating himself. At the end of half an hour came the query, "When—er—do you—er—expect Lord Lyons back?" "Oh, in six months or so," said the ever-obliging attaché. "He left for Europe this morning. But you said you'd wait, you know."

A manufacturer not one hundred miles from the city tells a good joke on himself. He is credited with being extremely disagreeable to his employees. A man just arrived in this country called on him one day to ask for work. "Have you a recommendation of character?" he asked the stranger. "No," he replied, "but I have friends in the village who will give me one." Putting his bundle on the floor, he left. In the course of half an hour he returned, took up his bundle and was leaving the office without a word. "Did you get your character?" asked the manufacturer. The man, without halting a moment or raising his eyes, said: "No, mister, but I got yours."

Kitchener's scathing sarcasm is well illustrated by the reply he is said to have sent to the leader of a not over-successful column. This officer had several slight engagements with the enemy, mainly consisting of flinging a few shells at them at long range. After each engagement he wired to the commander-in-chief substantially: "During action several Boers seen to drop from their saddles." The thing was becoming tiresome, for Lord Kitchener's rule was that only those actually "gathered" should be counted. He soon thought of a remedy, and sent back to the officer this polite telegram: "I hope when they fell they did not hurt themselves."

The Scotch of Glenagarry are largely, probably mainly, of "the old faith," and this story told by Senator McMillan, touches upon that fact, and also introduces one of the old-time giants of that county. This particular giant was Big Alex McDermott, uncle of the bishop of the same name. "Big Alex," the senator began, "was probably the only man who went over the Chaudiere Falls and lived. Shortly after his escape he visited his uncle, then a simple priest, and

his marvelous escape, with the incident of hanging desperately to a floating crib while being tossed about in the turbulent waters, formed the subject of conversation. 'It must have been a great comfort to you to know that the saints were with you in your peril,' remarked the priest. 'Oh, yes,' responded Alex, 'but it was also a comfort to know I was a tann good swimmer.'"

The following incident occurred at an entertainment in a large provincial town in England. On the programme a certain vocalist was down to sing "The Miner's Dream of Home," and to add special effect to the song he, having a friend a fireman at the fire station, about three minutes' walk from the hall, ran out and borrowed his topboots. His turn on the programme came around. He appeared on the stage in all the glory of a blouse, slouch hat, white breeches and (the fireman's) topboots. His rendering of the song was a great success up to the middle of the second verse, when a commotion was heard at the entrance of the hall. Then a hot and eager fireman forced his way through the audience up to the footlights and bawled out at the top of his voice: "Bill, you've got to come out of them 'ere boots if you value your life. I'm called to a fire!"

That Lord Kitchener has no patience with inefficiency, is proved by the story of the private in the Royal Engineers, who one day reported himself ill and unfit for duty. The medical officer of the corps examined him, decided that the man was malingering, and ordered him back to duty. Against this there was no appeal. The soldier returned to his work, which was preparing planks for a temporary bridge. He found himself too weak to work, and said so to the sergeant. "Why not lay the case before Lord Kitchener?" said the sergeant; "he is in the office now." "Oh, I dare not," replied the man, "he is too stand-off and cold." "Well, if you are afraid, I'll do it myself," said the commander-in-chief, without looking up, "and also Drs. Y. and X." Each of these he made examine the patient in his presence. They both reported typhoid in a marked stage. "Send for Dr. Z," slowly muttered Lord Kitchener. "Please, Dr. Z., examine this man carefully; he is either ill or malingering." Dr. Z. performed the commanded task, and nervously said: "Sir, I fear I have made a mistake; this man is in the early stages of typhoid." "Have this man at once removed to the hospital," Kitchener exclaimed; "and you, sir, apply to the adjutant for your papers, and at your earliest convenience return to England."

A Test Experiment.

Peculiar Power Possessed by a New Medicine.

Of new discoveries there is no end, but one of the most recent, most remarkable and one which will prove invaluable to thousands of people is a discovery which it is believed will take the place of all other remedies for the cure of those common and obstinate diseases, dyspepsia and stomach troubles. This discovery is not a loudly advertised, secret patent medicine, but is a scientific combination of wholesome, perfectly harmless vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure pepsin and bismuth.



These remedies are combined in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and will preserve their good qualities indefinitely, whereas all liquid medicines rapidly lose what ever good qualities they may have had as soon as uncorked and exposed to the air.

This preparation is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and it is claimed that one of these tablets or lozenges will digest from 300 to 5,000 times its own weight of meat, eggs and other wholesome food. And this claim has been proven by actual experiments in the following manner: A hard boiled egg cut into small pieces was placed in a bottle containing warm water heated to ninety-eight degrees (or blood heat), one of these Tablets was then placed in the bottle and the proper temperature maintained for three hours and a half, at the end of which time the egg was as completely digested as it would have been in a healthy stomach. This experiment was undertaken to demonstrate that what it would do in the bottle it would also do in the stomach, hence its unquestionable value in the cure of dyspepsia and weak digestion. Very few people are free from some form of indigestion, but scarcely two will have the same symptoms. Some will suffer most from distress after eating, bloating from gas in the stomach and bowels, others have acid dyspepsia or heartburn, others indigestion or headaches, sleeplessness, pains in chest and under shoulder-blades, extreme nervousness as in nervous dyspepsia, but they all have same cause, failure to properly digest what is eaten. The stomach must have rest and assistance, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets give it both, by digesting the food for it and in a short time it is restored to its normal action and vigor. At same time the Tablets are so harmless that a child can take them with benefit. This new preparation has already made many astonishing cures, as for instance, the following:

After using only one package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets I have received such great and unexpected benefit that I wish to express my sincere gratitude. In fact, it has been six months since I took the package, and I have not had one particle of distress or difficulty since. And all this in the face of the fact that the best doctors I consulted told me my case was Chronic Dyspepsia and absolutely incurable as I had suffered twenty-five years. I distributed half a dozen packages among my friends here, who are very anxious to try this remedy.

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Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full-sized packages.



Has She Struck the Right Note? Good Intentions, The Earthly Twins.

A WOMAN writes: "May I give you my experience of domestic servants, presaging my remarks by saying that in twenty-five years of keeping house I have never had to discharge a servant, and the two who have left me would come back if I wanted them, while the four who are married are all happy and busy housekeepers in their own sphere of life? In the past quarter of a century the whole-tone of domestic life has gradually undergone a change; the heart has died out of it, killed in a large measure by the wealth and consequent uplifting of a lot of people without other than money values, without that personal dignity which cannot be impaired by interest in and care for servants. The old imperceptible but ever-present dignity which gave authority to the mistress and won her exacted respect and acknowledgment is changed for a scornful superiority and a watchful resentment of any lapse in the attitude supposed to become a domestic servant. In my young days the shortcomings of domestics were whispered of with regret and a conviction that with better direction and thought from the mistress it might have been possible to avert the clash or neglect or catastrophe."

Consequent upon the display and ostentation of the wealthy has come a conviction among those less endowed that display is what is necessary to advancement and consideration. The means may not be adequate, but the effort must be made, however foundationless, to do with five thousand what the other woman does with twenty thousand. Naturally this effort puts a strain somewhere, and it comes nearly always upon the home life. What woman, trying to cut a figure in dress, to give smart little dinners and teas, to be seen at all possible functions, and to bring out and settle her children where the most money is to be found, has time for the consideration of the natures, wants, tempers and happiness of her cook and maids? In this young country our servants cannot be made trained machines. Individuality is in the air. Above all, one must recognize human interests, and the idea that a mistress loses dignity in doing so could only be entertained by those ignorant of innate dignity and its unassailable quality. The real remedy for the domestic service problem, so far as I have practised it, is in the sympathy of the employer, and her discreet acknowledgment of the fact that her servants are of the same flesh and blood as herself, needing her even more than she needs them.

The barrier to her practising this method, if it lies in her determination to devote the whole of her time to selfish ambitions, or the idea that her money makes her in any way superior to her servants, or the fear that they have no other reason to consider and esteem her, and will take advantage of any show of human interest, is of course of her own building. A simpler and much more refined and dignified home-life and gentleness and humanity in her thoughts of her work-people, replacing the customary attitude of exasperation and distrust, will soon readjust the conditions of service and being served. It is well worthy the trying, and I am hoping the clever common-sense and good-heartedness of Canadian women will unite to preserve the pleasant old-time relations of employer and employed. I can only repeat, that anyone strong-minded and kind-hearted enough to realize that domestic comfort is worth thought and domestic servants will repay it, will have no more trouble than I have with her household help. In my household my servants know that every ear they expend on me and mine earns them not only wages, but gratitude and acknowledgment. Sometimes I am more than touched at their pleasure in doing well what they do for me and mine."

It strikes me that this old-fashioned woman's plan of getting the comfort and sweetness out of life is nothing more nor less than the real Christianity, which the world has apparently laid aside for a time. That terror of criticism, jesting comment and misunderstanding which guides most of our actions in regard to others, is so strong that it darkens our vision regarding values. A certain great lady was a terrible warning held up to the well-disposed mistress, and the various funny and annoying happenings in her household brigade were set down to her new, sympathetic, patriarchal way of managing the lower life (as one hesitates to call it) of her menage. But she had really gotten hold of the right idea, only, and not for the first time, she had the stick by the wrong end. Her methods were too obvious, her ideas too aggressively thing in the faces of all and sundry. And yet, artistically manipulated, these ideas are exactly the same as those so delightfully set forth by the old-fashioned woman who has struck so sweet and kind a keynote in this story to-day. Let her more of this sort of thing! For 'tis not colleges of domestic science, nor diplomas, nor unions, nor upstart agitators, that will give us back our good domestics. In spite of machinery and new thought, the heart and the need of humanity is the same, and the adage that a good mistress makes a good maid is as true as it ever was.

If there is one doctrine which comforts my soul it is that which says the intention is what is considered, not the act. For my life is full of good intentions turned down by pressing, frustrating work and the weakness of the willing flesh. It's just dreadful to meet the brown eyes, when she says, in reproachful tones, "You never came," and one realizes that somewhere in the mist of by-gone days there was a promise, not kept, but bright with good intentions. It is horrible to see the blue eyes looking in that icy way blue eyes backed by a temper can look, and to hear the thin tones say, sarcastically, "Oh, you're far too busy, I know, to keep your word, but I stayed in on purpose for you," and it's still more destructive to peace of mind to meet the resentment of someone who has asked a favor which demanded time absolutely unprocurable, and to be assured that (though one had promised to do one's best) no consideration had been expected. Whether good intentions pave

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the nether regions or not is a question, but if they do, they will warn me to keep out, after the acuteness of my punishment on their account in this life. Shouldn't I promise? Well, didn't I tell you I always intend to keep those promises?"

I have just been giggling at the vagaries of the twins. They have only quite recently loomed up on my or any other horizon. They are about two feet high, wear red cotton gowns, with quaint, square skirts, and one huge white button in the middle of the back as big as a quarter. No other buttons or decorations are visible at my altitude of sixty feet but those white crockery ones. The twins mostly inhabit a kitchen, to which one steps down from the yard level, and their amusement largely consists in climbing up out of the kitchen and jumping down into it again. The twins are as clean as circumstances will permit, and their little bulbous heads are beautifully thatched with thick, golden hair, always smooth and shining. That pretty thatch and the cyclopean button make quite a scheme of color with the red cotton frocks. They crawl up, bearing large knives, hatchets and various dangerous weapons, and spring down and roll on the kitchen floor with these awful things clamped in their arms. The other day coal was dumped in the yard, and for hours, growing momentarily more grotesquely grimy, the twins carried lumps of it and laboriously threw them into the kitchen. Sometimes a shrill squeal tells that one twin has fallen foul of her sister, and a fight is speedily arranged. The method of warfare is curious. Each twin stoops down, seizes the front hem of her fellow's red frock and pulls. They both squeal and pull until, with awful suddenness, both let go, and sit swiftly down in the yard, facing each other; then, as swiftly rolling over, regain their feet and go calmly off in different directions, as if absolutely alone in the world. No matter how busy I am, I can always be lured to the window by a squeal, and always see the twins at war, and wait for the inevitable sit down and dispersion. The father of the twins is a decrepit rag-man, and the mother a bustling, good-looking young woman, who adores them.

Mont Pelee.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN, who went to Martinique on the "Dixie" as correspondent for the "Outlook," has gathered in his book, "The Tragedy of Pelee," the results of his observations in May last. He takes issue in his conclusions with most of the geologists as to the nature and causes of the catastrophe that swept St. Pierre out of existence on May 8. Considerable space is given to an argument to show that the theory of a cloud of inflammable gas issuing from the volcano is unsupported, and that what actually occurred was more probably a scorching of the mountain side by a "red-hot hurricane" of superheated steam. The position of the vent that discharged the hot blast could not be definitely determined at the time of this expedition, because the disturbed state of the volcano and the heat of the slope made proper observations out of the question. But from a study of such facts as Mr. Kennan was able to assemble, and from a comparison with descriptions of other volcanic explosions, notably that of the Japanese volcano Bandai-san, in 1888, and that of Tarawera in 1886, he concludes that the discharge which destroyed St. Pierre and its thirty thousand people in less than three minutes had its origin at or near the summit, and not from the lower crater, where the disturbance began; that the blast was composed of steam and lava dust disintegrated by exploding steam, and had practically no inflammable or asphyxiating gases in it; that the inhabitants of St. Pierre and the men killed in the roadside came to their death by means of the overpowering heat of the onrushing steam and the still hotter dust particles carried in it, or, after being stunned, were burned to death by the fire started in inflammable objects by the volcanic dust.

The growth of dread of the devastating volcano in the minds of the visiting

observers makes an interesting record. They arrived on the scene with apparently little other emotion than a lively interest and curiosity. On one occasion, when Mr. Kennan and his party were driving toward the smoking Pelee, from which the natives were fleeing in panic-struck silence, carrying their chattels and their little children, one woman exclaimed, "Look at the poor unfortunates—going toward the mountain!" This was the attitude of the native negro. The cultivated residents, like Mr. Clerc, who accompanied the party, showed great courage. But their more personal relation to the catastrophe exposed them to greater strain. Mr. Clerc insisted on retreating from low-lying, unprotected spots when an eruption was beginning; and once, while they were prowling among the unrecognizable dead of the country villas in the Roxelane Valley, "he broke down in a fit of sobbing and walked away from the party until he could regain his self-control." The visitors caught some of this nervousness before they were done with their work. After this day among the dead, Mr. Kennan spent a most uneasy night. The second night after Pelee broke into an eruption, and the party left Vive for a safer spot, but returned later in the night in their scientific enthusiasm and would not be rescued by their distracted host. The next day Pelee was still violent. Mr. Kennan's fellow-naturalist, overcome with the work of the night, lay ill abed and left him to brood over the yellow mud clouds and black showers of falling dust. He describes his growing anxiety in this manner:

"Before noon I had become so wrought up by anxiety and nervous strain that my imagination began to run away with me, and I suddenly felt a vague but overwhelming premonition of some impending catastrophe. Going to Mr. Jaceai's bedside, I said to him: 'If you feel able to get up, I wish you would come and look at this volcano.' He walked feebly to the side window in the upper story of the house, gazed fixedly at the volcano for fully a minute, and then said: 'It looks as Vesuvius must have looked five minutes before the destruction of Pompeii. If you want to get out of this, I'm ready to go.' I've been wanting to get out of this,' I said, 'for the last four hours. The thing is getting on my nerves. If you and Varian are able to ride I'm in favor of leaving here at once.' We summoned Mr. Chancel, held a volcano council, . . . and started for Acier, leaving Vive to its fate."

The book is a record of perhaps the most appalling disaster, directly referable to a volcano, that has been observed in historic times. The tone is unassuming. Conditions as seen are set down openmindedly and plainly, and the testimony taken from witnesses is carefully analyzed.

An Awful Fate.

Full many a mortal, young and old,
Has gone to his sarcophagus
Thro' pouring water icy cold
Adown his warm oesophagus.
—New York "Sun."

Our Language.

Yet another humorous story anent the idiosyncrasies of the English language is current. A Frenchman came to Eng-

land with the object of making himself master of the tongue, and the following sentence was given him:

"The rough cough and hiccough plough me through." The teacher told him the first word was pronounced "ruff." He thereupon said this: "The ruff cuff and hiccuff pluff me thruff."

"No, no—the second word is pronounced 'koff!'"

"Then," said the Frenchman, "it must be the ruff koff and hiccuff ploff me throff."

The third, fourth and fifth words were explained with the same result, which the reader may repeat for himself.

"Colonel," asked the Northern undertaker, "do you people of the South believe in cremation?" "Sometimes, sub," replied the colonel, "when we think plain lynchin' wouldn't begin to fit the crime, sub."—"Catholic Standard and Times."

She had been shopping, and he was naturally disturbed. "I hope you didn't spend much money while you were down town to-day," he remarked. "Not a cent, except car-fare, George," she answered reassuringly. "I had everything charged." —Chicago "Evening Post."

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Toronto.

The Lord Mayor and the Jews.

THE new Lord Mayor of London is a Jew. Unlike a great many of the Chosen People in England, Sir Marcus Samuel is also a practicing Jew, proud of his race, publicly devoted to his faith. The Lord Mayor is not the all-powerful official he is thought to be on the Continent. He is not the Mayor of all London, but only of the City of London, and the "City" is but a fraction of the whole. Greater London has, roughly, a population of six millions, but in the six hundred and fifty acres that comprise the "City" there is a resident population at night of only 38,000, and by day of little over 300,000. It is as though Mr. Seth Low ruled New York only from the City Hall to Wall street, and some other authority looked after the rest. And even within this area the powers of the Lord Mayor and of the twenty-six aldermen and the two hundred-odd common councillors are by no means autocratic. Much of what used to be within his and their province has been taken over by the London County Council. In fact, the average Londoner never thinks of the Lord Mayor as an edict-making, law-giving official. He stands altogether apart, in the popular mind, from questions of rates and assessments, schools and police. Very few people could say what legislative functions, if any, he fulfills. They may have heard that he is the Chief Magistrate of the courts, but beyond that their knowledge of his precise duties does not stray. It is the social and decorative side of his position that impresses the public. The Lord Mayor is never without his badge, and rarely without his robes and chains of office. He rides abroad in a magnificently gilded coach with outriders, powdered coachmen and footmen in cocked hats and silk knee-breeches, sending a gleam of gold through the dirty drab of London. Whenever there is a public procession, there you will find the Lord Mayor's coach, or sometimes the Lord Mayor on horseback, holding his sword of state before him, a glittering and resplendent figure. The Lord Mayor's Show on November 9 is one of England's few annual pageants, and, uncouth as it is, has a warm place in the hearts of the populace. And, besides all this, he has some rights and privileges of four hundred years' standing. No troops may pass the city boundaries without his leave. The sovereign himself has to ask for permission to enter the city walls, just as he has to ask for permission to enter the House of Commons. The Lord Mayor shares with the officer and sentries on duty at the Tower the day's password, and thus has a partial responsibility for the safeguarding of the crown and royal insignia. He is the first to be informed of any great public event that has happened. But it is as the host at the famous Guildhall banquets that his name is widest known, and it is in this capacity that he best represents the metropolis. Princes, statesmen, distinguished foreigners, sometimes the reigning sovereign, are continually being entertained within its halls. The annual dinner to the Cabinet ranks as one of the great political events of the year. On such occasions you get public hospitality at its best. For taste and magnificence there is nothing in Europe to equal a banquet at the Mansion House, with its heralds and marshals of antiquity, its wondrous gold plate, and the passing of the famous loving-cup. Next to dinner-giving, the chief function of the Lord Mayor would seem to be that of money-raising. Hardly a year goes by in which the Mansion House is not called upon to open a subscription list on behalf of some public object, and as the opening of such a list is a guarantee that the object in view is a good one and that the money will be well spent, colossal sums are quickly raised. During the last Indian famine all but \$3,000,000 was subscribed to the Lord Mayor's Fund in six weeks. London is really too big to have any public center at all, that center is to be looked for in the Mansion House. Even though he is not elected by the people and rules only a fraction of the metropolis, the Lord Mayor on all public occasions stands for London. It is an exacting and in many ways a difficult post to fill. It is also an expensive one. Though he only holds office for a year and is allowed a salary of \$50,000, a Lord Mayor leaves the Mansion House anywhere from \$10,000 to \$30,000 poorer than he entered it.

And just because his official duties are so largely social and ornamental, it is all the more interesting that the Lord Mayor for the coming year should be a Jew. Sixty years ago no Jew could have risen to such a height. Sixty years ago they were prevented from being aldermen or even members of the Common Council. A Jew could not hold any office, civil, military or corporate. He could not follow the profession of the law as barrister or attorney; he could not be a public school master, or sit in the House of Commons, or even exercise the elector's franchise, if called upon to take the elector's oath. The oath to all these offices, professions and rights included the words "on the true faith of a Christian." The words, curiously enough, were not aimed at the Jews or at anyone. They are a specimen of the blundering way in which the English Parliament sometimes does its work. They were intended to throw open to all Christians the offices and privileges that had hitherto been reserved for members of the Church of England. Their object was to abolish the disabilities of the Dissenters, not to impose fresh disabilities on the Jews. But their effect was to shut the Jew up in a sort of political and social ghetto, and it was not until nearly 1800 that the last of the restrictions was done away with, and Jews were legally admitted to sit in the House of Commons. To-day there is no office, except that of Lord Chancellor, who, as the "keeper of the sovereign's conscience," must be a Protestant, to which Jews and Catholics are not equally eligible. No one dreams of protesting against Sir Marcus Samuel's elevation to the Lord Mayorship on the score of his religion. Moreover, almost all the social prejudice against Jews has vanished. They have come to occupy a position in England such as they have nowhere else attained to. They are more respected here, less ostracized and more merged in the mass than in any other country, not even excepting the United States. The comic papers do not live to caricature them; no hotel-keeper would dare to refuse them admission; and from comparatively few clubs, and these mostly provincial, is it a rule to exclude them. Roughly speaking, there are three kinds of Jews in England. There are the patrician Jew, the middle-class Jew, and the Jew of White-chapel and Houndsditch. The patrician

Not in Toronto, of Course.



"How did you come to club this man so severely?"
"Well, yer 'aner, he kept perfectly still an' wouldn't dodge a single crack Oi made at him."

The Smith Family.

MR. GLAZEBROOK, author of "The Heraldry of Smith," declared it to be absolutely true that a lifetime and the fortune of an American millionaire would not suffice for an exhaustive history of all the Smiths in all four quarters of the globe.

Mr. Compton Reade does not attempt anything so supremely heroic in his last book, "The Smith Family," just published by Elliot Stock. He professes, to use his own words, "to review the great Fabrician family," whether crisped into Smith, "smoothed into Smyth, or snidged into Smith." Mr. Reade says that so numerous are the Smiths, he marvels England has not been transmuted into "Smithland." An American authority is quoted to the effect that "the history of England is the history of families," and then Mr. Compton Reade affirms that so far as the Smiths represent a type, England without them would have been very small indeed.

It is curious, Mr. Reade observes, how the little letter "s" has proved a huge differentia. For, whereas the "Smiths" as a rule have been money-making, the "Smyths" have shown themselves chivalrous and aristocratic. While the Smiths were Roundhead, the Smyths suffered for Tory or Jacobite principles.

Apocryphos of these variations in the spelling of the great patronymic, Mr. Compton Reade propounds a theory which should prove of comfort to both branches of the family. He hotly combats the notion that the Smyths, Smythes and Smiths have assumed a variation of spelling to lend an aristocratic flavor to a homely name. "Nothing," he declares, "can be further from the truth. The original form was Smyth, just as the modern 'eider' is a corruption of the ancient 'eyder.' So far from the Smyths having Smythed themselves, I can discover barely one notable instance of the change from 's' to 'y,' but I can trace numberless instances of Elizabethan Smyths having become Victorian Smiths. The roco spelling of the word Smyth is apparently due to the ingenuousness of some mediæval clerk who in writing Smyth took upon himself to dot both points of the 'y,' thus producing 'Smith.'"

But what is the origin of this great family? The following couplet furnishes the answer:

Whence cometh Smith, be he knight or be he squire,
But from the Smith that forgeth at the fire?

Not that this is any disgrace. The name is old enough; at any rate, Professor Mahaffy has discovered that a man named Smith lived in the days of Ptolemy III. B. C. 227; and the occupation from which the name is derived was originally one of great honor. David was armourer to King Saul. Vulcan was a person of distinction in Olympus. In the days of Thor, when none but the mightiest could wield the hammer, he was a cynosure; in the heroic days of gallant little Wales he sat upon the right hand of the King. But from his high estate he fell, to become a mere mechanic in Norman times, only, however, to blossom into the goldsmithing of Queen Anne's days, from which trade sprang the great industry of banking.

With the assistance of pedigrees and other matter Mr. Reade sets to work to prove the doctrine of hereditary characteristics. "For the ranks of these descendants of primitive iron-workers," he says, include scarcely a poet or an idealist, while in matters practical they stand pre-eminent.

Whatever we are, we were,
And whatever we were, we were,
And whatever we are, and whatever we were,

That same shall we always be.

Certainly Mr. Reade's pedigrees and the list of celebrities which he gives at the end of his book contain the names of many well-known men of affairs, not to mention lawyers, sailors and soldiers. Charitable Smiths without number have proved the old proverb, "There is that scattereth but yet increaseth." Perhaps the most eccentric and yet practical bequest was that of Henry Smith in 1717 to St. Sepulchre's "to help poor maids for husbands!" Clearly when George I. was king a spouse must have been a purchasable commodity, and at a moderate price.

Why should there not be a day set apart every year to celebrate the greatness of the Smiths, after the manner of the Smith banquet which took place in the eighteenth century? At this banquet the guests were Smiths to a man, and the president was one Captain Smith, Governor of Virginia. The cooks were Smiths, the waiters also, and a Smith said grace. The feast was graced by a poet Smith, whose sole claims to immortality rest upon the ode he composed for the occasion, the publisher of which was James Smith.

A Word to the Wise.

When traveling to Montreal remember the Grand Trunk International Limited leaves Toronto 9 a.m. daily, arriving Montreal 6 p.m., and, in addition to Pullman palace cars, has cafe parlor car, serving refreshments, meals, etc., a la carte. Night Express at 10 p.m. daily carries three or more Pullman bed sleepers, reaching Montreal 7.30 a.m. Reservations, tickets, etc., at city office, north west corner King and Yonge streets.

Sydney Smith once wittily remarked: "The British army ought never to leave England except in case of actual invasion."

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

The above Coupon MUST accompany every Graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Western Girl.—How did the rush seats come out? No, verily, I don't envy you, but for the sort of performance rush seats wouldn't be so bad. You got there, I'll be bound, for your writing tells me so. There are adaptability, humor, dominant will, brightness of perception, quick, delicate manner, plenty of restraint, and excellent judgment, even temper and equable temperament, care for detail, method and self-reliance among your many traits. Not much sentiment, and a practical, rather than romantic, mind are indicated. Oh, yes! I am quite sure you got a good seat.

Gan.—1. The coupon was sprung upon me also. Isn't it a weird crisis-crossness on seeing it. I don't think, however, the criminal who drew it intended any reflections, for we are firm friends. 2. Your writing is a very energetic, purposeful, magnetic study, persevering, clear and connected in thought, and bright in perception. You are not always as reserved as some, but your frankness is tempered with good feeling. There is no suggestion of malice or smallness in your writing. Instead a healthy, breezy impulse, very likable, and only sometimes getting beyond bounds. I should rather envy your old age. You are under Capricornus, the goat, and have the regard for appearances and hardy opinionatedness of a January child. Courage, and even daring, may easily be one of your "features." It was so beautifully Capricorn of you to say bad adjectives to your envelope because it didn't match your folding of the paper. They love things to fit.

Homely A.—Your birthday, July 11th, brings you under Cancer, the crab—a water sign, first of the "trinity," as the three signs, Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, are called. You have not, graphologically, developed enough to make a good deal of thought and purpose. Your crudeness, and, though it has some fine promise, isn't really fit to be picked to pieces. I think you an intelligent, observant, and practical woman, with a good deal of ambition and enterprise, but not a great deal of culture. The writing shows a healthy and emotional temper and a good deal of thought and good sense.

Ralod.—1. I hope that is your nom de plume. The first impression of your writing is pronounced individuality and sincerity of thought and purpose. Writer should be anxious about the station, consideration and general "kudos" life may offer her. She may be inclined to sentiment, but hasn't facility in expressing it. It has strong feelings, and, when considering anyone in the glow of affection, would see no fault in that one. There are original culture and cleverness in this study, and at the same time impatience and lack of careful finish. The writing suggests the brilliant and prodigious Aquarius of February than the conventional, particular January being. Is your natal day in the latter end of the month, I wonder?

Sally G.—If I dissected your writing you'd be setting the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children after me. Little one, I receive a good many letters, many not half so sensible as yours. Good luck to you with the exams and may a happy birthday to you, Sally. You have a great sign, Scorpio, as your good and, I promise counts, you'll be a fine specimen of a November woman some day. I am glad the delineations seemed quite correct. Some day, when you've developed a little more, I'll be after you! If you are very far from your home and are sometimes a bit homesick, your name, and, I promise counts, you'll be a fine specimen of a November woman some day. I am glad the delineations seemed quite correct. Some day, when you've developed a little more, I'll be after you! If you are very far from your home and are sometimes a bit homesick, your name, and, I promise counts, you'll be a fine specimen of a November woman some day. I am glad the delineations seemed quite correct. 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THE New York "Musical Courier," since it was condemned to pay Victor Herbert the sum of \$15,000 for libel, has found itself in hot water. The musical profession everywhere in the United States has conveyed to Mr. Herbert congratulations on his victory, and in New York the genial composer was publicly banqueted by the "Friends of Music." The policy of the "Musical Courier" has come in for general condemnation. At the banquet several of the New York critics were present. In speaking of the methods of the "Musical Courier," Mr. W. J. Henderson, known for many years as the musical editor of the New York "Times," related the following anecdote: "I recall one instance when a lady whose daughter had appeared as a violinist the night before came to the 'Times' office and asked me: 'Where is the good notice that my daughter was to receive in the "Times" this morning?' What good notice were you to receive? I asked. Why," she answered, "I paid Mr. Blumenberg \$300, and he promised me that he would get good notices of my daughter's playing in all the New York dailies." Now, gentlemen," added Mr. Henderson, "supposing that young woman had played well, and we critics had said that she played well, Mr. Blumenberg would have gone to that woman with the clippings from our papers in his hands and said, 'See? I did as I said I would.' Mr. Frank Damrosch, in his speech, said: 'When an artist comes to me for an engagement with one of those purchased puffs from the "Courier" I shall say: "Sir, or madame, you are condemned out of your own mouth. Unless you can produce something very more to your credit than the endorsement of that sheet, I want none of you." This is the attitude that we must take, so that we may discourage the practice of dishonest advertising.'"

It is said that Mr. Herbert will take a personal action against Mr. Blumenberg, claiming \$50,000 damages for libel. The law of New York, it is explained, permits civil action for libel to be taken both against a journal and the writer of the article containing the libel. A representative of a United States musical journal induced quite a number of Canadian musicians to pay \$50 or \$100 each for publishing very complimentary notices about them. More than that, a special correspondent was stationed in Toronto, and prominence was given to records of musical events here. As soon, however, as all the dollars that could be extracted from Toronto professionals had been gathered in the correspondent was withdrawn, and the subsequent proceedings have interested the paper in question no more. The Canadians were easily gulled, for they might have known that these patent puffs published in New York could be of no earthly use to them, the more especially as in most cases they were credited to the complainant correspondent in Toronto.

The "Staats-Zeitung" had an illustration of two people sitting at a garden concert. He looks at the programme and announces enthusiastically, "Now comes Beethoven's 'Adelaide.'" And she—musical person—stretches her neck and asks, curiously, "Where?"

The motette and part-song competition announced by the Mendelssohn Choir several months ago as a result of the generous donation received by the society from Lord Strathcona appears to have awakened widespread interest both in Canada and England. Thirty-two compositions in all were received by the honorary secretary of the society up to the 15th inst., the date when entries closed. The majority of these were received from England, and most of the English composers have competed in the motette class. Fourteen of the thirty-two compositions are from Canadian composers. After the local adjudicators, Dr. Ham and Mr. Vogt, have examined the works submitted, the best in each class will be forwarded to Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, for the final decision. It is not expected that the results will be announced before January 1 next. As an indication of the hazy ideas which exist in the minds of some people in the Old Land regarding this colony, it may be mentioned that one of the competing works was addressed to the secretary of the Mendelssohn Choir, Toronto, U.S.A.

Probably few persons know that Clara Novello (Countess Gigliucci) is still living. She retired more than forty years ago, and it is only very old amateurs who can remember her singing at the earlier Handel festivals. London "Truth" states that she is probably the only survivor of the great vocalists who sang before William IV. at Windsor, the date being but a few weeks short of seventy years ago.

Mme. Carreno, the famous pianist, has had a most varied matrimonial experience. Her first husband was Emil Sauer, with whom she first appeared in Toronto, her second was Signor Tagliapietra, the operatic baritone, who has often been heard here; her third was Mr. D'Albert, the Scotch-French-German solo pianist, and now I am reading that she has married again. Her former husbands are, I believe, all living. It would be an interesting concert if they all appeared with Carreno on the same occasion. What a big advertising scheme it would be!

London "Truth" says that Paderewski and Kubelik are the only two star men artists who can command guinea audiences at St. James' Hall, London.

Dr. Torrington and his festival chorus are busy preparing the "Messiah" for the annual Christmas production. After that event they will apply themselves in earnest to the study of the works for the Mackenzie festival in April.

The Church of the Redeemer, under Mr. Schuch, was announced to give the whole of the Westminster coronation music on Wednesday evening last.

There is to be an international musical festival in connection with the dedica-

tion of the Wagner monument at Berlin from October 1 to 7, 1903. One day will be devoted to English and American music. All the great military bands of the world are expected to take part, including the Turkish Janissaries Music Corps. An auditorium to seat 7,000 persons will be erected for the occasion. It has not been announced who is to organize the American end of the undertaking, or whether Canada will be invited to take part.

The hundreds of vocal students in Toronto who have listened with delight to the singing of Mme. Lilli Lehmann, and have ventured all sorts of conjectures as to the secret of her success in interpreting both the old school of florid music and the more logically modern dramatic style, will read the following notice of her recent book, from the New York "Evening Post" with great interest: "Lilli Lehmann's new book, 'How to Sing,' just issued by the Macmillan Company, in a good translation by Richard Aldrich, is one which all professional students who wish to earn fame and fortune on the stage, as well as amateurs who sing for their own pleasure, will read and reread if they are wise. Lilli Lehmann is not only one of the greatest artists of our time, but, unlike others, she belongs in the very front rank both in the lyric and the dramatic styles of song. Mozart and Bellini are as easy to her as Wagner. What is the secret of her success, her versatility, her ability to sing on the operatic and concert stage for more than thirty years, whereas most singers break down and vanish after twenty years, nay, after ten or even five? The book reveals this secret. From cover to cover it is full of good advice. It will, of course, be reviewed at length in this journal. In the meantime suffice it to say that there are thirty-nine chapters, discussing the vocalist's art from every possible point of view—chapters on breathing, equalizing the voice, attack, nasal singing, head voice, position of the tongue, resonance, registers, white voice, the tremolo and its cure, the tongue, lips, vowels, consonants, Italian and German, velocity 'before the public,' etc. It is a mine of practical information for experts as well as beginners. The skilful manner in which Lilli Lehmann unites Italian and German elements in her art is admirably illustrated in the following paragraph (p. 225):

"If he is skilful enough, the singer can impart a certain expression of feeling to even the most superficial phrases and coloratura passages. Thus, in the coloratura passages of Mozart's arias, I have always sought to gain expressiveness by crescendo, choice of significant points for breathing, and breaking off of phrases. I have been especially successful with this in the 'Entführung,' introducing a tone of lament into the first aria, a heroic dignity into the second, through the coloratura passages. Without exaggerating petty details, the artist must exploit all the means of expression that he is justified in using."

"With the exception of Emma Calve (in 'Hamlet'), Lilli Lehmann is the only great singer of our time who has succeeded in the most difficult art of singing even florid music with expression."

The combination of Mr. Branscombe's Coronation Choir party and Miss Jessie Alexander at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week attracted a large audience, which would have overflowed if one of the other concert halls of the city. There were no new features in the singing of the coronation party to comment upon. Most of the numbers on the programme had been heard on previous occasions. The singing was characterized by the careful tone production, smoothness of delivery and truth of intonation that were noticed on preceding appearances of Mr. Branscombe's singers. Mr. Herbert Hilton, a new-comer this season, who has a genuine bass voice, made a very favorable impression, while Mr. Albert Archdeacon, a sterling singer and good baritone, repeated the triumph he won at the coronation service at the Metropolitan Church in Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." The names of the solo soprano boys seem to change with bewildering frequency. Master George Forsythe, who sang Sullivan's "Little Maid of Arcady," sang very sweetly indeed, and might have easily been taken for one of his predecessors in this and past seasons. Mme. Marie Hooton, who has an exceptionally rich voice of an uncommon timbre, was heard with warm demonstrations of approval. The male alto, Mr. Percy Coward, who has a remarkable voice of a kind much rarer in Canada than in England, was listened to with special interest. Messrs. Branscombe and Leyland were the tenors, and sang effectively. Miss Jessie Alexander recited with her accustomed pronounced success, and Mr. Dudley Gaudin, an English humorous mimic of the drawing-room class, won several recalls for his sketches included in the programme, which was long enough as originally drawn, was extended to an unreasonable degree by frequent encores.

Theodore Thomas, the veteran conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, has placed himself on record concerning the English composer Elgar. He thinks that there is not one composer now prominent who is so well equipped, not even in Europe. As an orchestral writer Mr. Thomas thinks that Elgar is the superior of Richard Strauss. "Elgar," continued Mr. Thomas, "is first of all a violinist, and everything he has written is so marked that there is absolutely no doubt left as to how it should be bowed or phrased. He understands all the other instruments of the orchestra equally well, and the result is that everything 'lies well' for the instrument, and is sure to sound as it should. Brahms left everything to the executive, and even in Wagner there is always room for difference of opinion as to what the phrasing and bowing should be, but Elgar always indicates exactly, and while his work is tremendously difficult and original, and daring in mode and manner, yet he knows what he asks of the player, and never demands what is impossible or what will not sound."

Mr. W. J. Long, violinist, pupil of William Yundt of Detroit, will be heard in recital at the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday evening, December 3. Mr. Long will be assisted by Lillian Kirby, vocalist; Eleanor Kennedy, pianist; Constance Veitch, cellist; Ethel Hubbard, accompanist, and Gertrude Phelps, reader.

Pupils of the West End branch of the Toronto College of Music gave a recital in the College Hall, Pembroke street, last Saturday afternoon. The piano numbers were rendered by Johan Keeler, Fi-

renza Guiray, Ethel Tait, Rene Blake, Ethel Saywell, Beatrice Brett, Arretha Smedley, Maud Dowseley, Edith Mills, Herbert Cosford, Stella Slater, Ethel Robinson and Winnie Thompson. A vocal number was contributed by Effie McNeair.

The choir of Central Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, will hold a service of praise on Thursday, December 11, in which they will be assisted by Miss Margaret Nelson, soprano; Miss Clark, contralto; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, and Miss Evelyn Snarr, Miss Annie McNichol and Mr. Donald C. MacGregor of the choir. The programme will close with Adams' Christmas cantata, "The Holy Child."

An audience which taxed the seating capacity of the Conservatory Music Hall assembled last Saturday evening, on the occasion of a recital given by Mr. Charles E. Clarke. Mr. Clarke was in excellent voice, and sang his selections, which were of a varied and exacting nature, in a manner which did himself and those with whom he has studied great credit. He possesses a full-toned, sympathetic baritone voice, which he has under good control, and which shows to equal advantage in forte as well as piano passages. He sang with a spirit and vim which was very enjoyable, and gave an intelligent interpretation to every song. Mr. Keechab Tandy (with whom Mr. Clarke is studying), sang in fine voice in his usual artistic style "Come Into the Garden, Maud," Balle, and "Salve Diomora" ("Faust"), Gounod. Miss Florence Fisher sang with good expression, the quality of her lower notes being very pleasing. Mr. H. S. Saunders played his 'cello numbers with good execution and bowing, which met with the sincere approval of the audience. Dr. T. A. Davies rendered several well-chosen numbers on the organ with much taste. Miss Louise Tandy, A.T.C.M., by the sympathetic manner in which she played the accompaniments, was of great assistance to the artists.

Edward MacDowell has arranged a most interesting programme for his recital in the Conservatory Music Hall, Saturday evening, December 6, including the following: "Sarabande and Les Trois Mains"; Rameau: Fantasia in D; Mozart: Sonata, op. 27, No. 2; Beethoven: "Tempo di Minuetto"; Grieg: Impromptu, Schubert; and the following of his own compositions: Fourth Sonata (Keltic), op. 39; "The Eagle," op. 32, No. 1; Shadow Dance, op. 39, No. 6; Improvisation, op. 46, No. 4; Czardas (Friska), op. 24, No. 4; "The Wild Rose" and "To a Water-lily," from op. 50; Scotch poem, op. 31, No. 2; Concert Study, op. 36. The plan opens to subscribers on Monday, December 1, and to the general public on Tuesday, December 2.

A large audience attended the concert on Saturday night, the 22nd inst., in Association Hall, given by Professor Edward Barton and pupils. The attraction, a popular one, was thoroughly enjoyed; almost every number on the programme was encored. The Crown Glee Singers sang with an ensemble of excellent vocal tone seldom found in male voices, and their efforts were well appreciated and encored each time. Victor Stone, the boy soprano, was in good form, and sang attractively. Miss Fanny Stone, a promising contralto, made herself a favorite with the audience immediately she began to sing. Miss Lyla Middleton, soprano, sang her number with feeling and a control of voice which showed careful training. Miss Hilda Davis, soprano, was also well received. Mr. Edward Barton was in good voice and sang with his accustomed taste and expression. Raleigh Gibson, a good baritone singer, was greeted with loud applause. Other pupils who sang were Messrs. Morrison and Ayearst. Miss Annie M. Stone, who was the accompanist, supported the singers with much judgment.

The organ recital and concert in connection with the opening of the new organ in Wesley Church on Thursday evening of last week was a decided success, notwithstanding the fact that, owing to several unavoidable delays, the builders were unable to complete the instrument until a few minutes before the concert, and neither organist nor choir had any opportunity of rehearsal whatever. Mr. George D. Atkinson, organist of the church, contributed, in his usual musicianly style, several organ solos calculated to display the varied resources of the organ, and under his direction the choir sang a number of choruses with excellent effect. Particular mention might be made of the unaccompanied work, which showed evidence of most careful preparation with regard to light and shade and quality and balance of tone. The church quartette, which is composed of Mrs. E. Burritt, soprano; Maude Richards-Tisdale, contralto; Edouard Banwatt, tenor, and Winford H. Vanwinckel, bass, acquitted themselves admirably. The assisting talent, consisting of James Kennedy, soprano, and Hattie Morse, contralto, reader, won instant favor with an audience which completely filled the large auditorium. Mr. Atkinson is fortunate in having at his disposal an instrument which is up to date in every respect, and a choir which, recruited as it is almost entirely from the ranks of the church and Sabbath school, is enthusiastic in its own musical work and keenly alive to its responsibility in connection with the spiritual character of the service. CHERUBINO.

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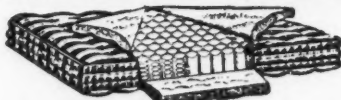
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Social and Personal.

Rev. Arthur Sims (Church of the Messiah) and Mrs. Sims have taken a house in Admiral Road, and Mrs. Van Allen of Brantford, Mrs. Sims' sister, is living with them. Mrs. Sims and Mrs. Van Allen are daughters of Mr. Charles R. Atkinson, K.C., of Chatham.

Miss Roselle Knott, formerly of Hamilton, who is the leading lady of Amelia Bingham's company, which will present "A Modern Magdalen" at the Princess Theater the first three nights of next week, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Knott, 56 Cowan Avenue, during her stay in town.

Mrs. Gavillier of Hamilton, Mrs. H. A. Menker of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. W. Ross, Mrs. W. Maclean of Toronto, Mrs. Burwash of Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus C. Knight of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Leonard of London, Mrs. K. Moran of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss S. Tully, Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter, Mrs. W. F. Maclean and daughter, Miss E. Frances Daley, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Barrow of Toronto, Mr. F. W. Barrow of Philadelphia, Miss Jermyn, Miss E. Jermyn, Mrs. H. B. Anderson of Toronto, are among the latest registrations at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines.

Mrs. George Dunstan receives at 210 Beverley Street next Wednesday, December 3, and each "first Wednesday" during the season.

Professor and Mrs. Robertson are settled at 115 Spadina Road, where Mrs. Robertson receives on the third and fourth Fridays of the month.

Mr. Ernest Seton was entertained at supper after his lecture on Monday evening by Mrs. Doolittle, who is a very old friend.

A very attractive bazaar is on the tapis for next Wednesday and Thursday in the assembly room of the Temple Building. The ladies who are getting up this bazaar, which is in aid of the mortgage fund of the Holy Blossom Synagogue, were kind enough to give me a sort of private view this week of some of the work to be put on sale. I cannot adequately describe the exquisiteness of one piece of work, a white and gold bedspread, of white satin, embroidered, with tiny French knots of gold-tinted silk all among the artistic leaves and flowers, which are done in white silk; two rows of Maltese lace insertion are set round the quilt, separated by wide bands of the beautiful needlework, and the spread is finished by a deep edging of lace. The whole makes a bedspread worthy of an imperial sleeping-room, and will delight those who know what's what. Exquisite cushions, fairy-like doylies and a perfectly lovely tea-cloth, edged with absolutely natural pansies, are a few of the things these pastmistresses of needlework have made. But the cutest things are Mrs. Miller's six-score dolls, so prettily dressed, and all their clothes to come on and off, too! There is a wedding-party, bride, bridesmaid, bridegroom and rabbi, and there are sick-bed dolls, with hospital nurses, and hot-water bags about twice the size of your thumb-nail, and seaside dolls and babies dressed perfectly, and doll layettes, with all the doll toilette and bathing properties, and fishwives and Highlanders—in fact, a regular paradise for doll-lovers.

Dr. and Mrs. Percy Vivien of Barrie are coming down to attend Mrs. Heaven's reception and dance on December 5, and hope to remain over Saturday and meet their friends again at Lawheaden.

Mrs. J. Henry Helm of Prospect House, Port Hope, is the guest of Mrs. Percy Vivien in Barrie this week.

Mrs. Stevenson gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party to some young people last Friday evening, November 21, at her residence in the Queen's Park.

Mrs. R. C. Steele of Pembroke Street is giving an At Home for young people this afternoon.

Among the dancers at Trinity on Tuesday I noticed Miss Jessie Kingsmill, in pale blue, veiled in white lace; Miss Vera Morgan, in pale blue; Miss Ethel Devigne, very graceful in black crepe de chine, with rope of pearls; Miss Tessie Devigne, in yellow silk; Miss Nellie Allen, a charming blonde beauty; Miss Taylor, a charming blonde beauty; with pink; Miss Dora Denison, in white; Miss Pansy Featherstonhaugh, a very pretty girl in white; Miss Cecil Denison, also in a pretty white gown; Miss Fanquier, in a Dresden mousseline.

The uproariously comical show at the Princess has tickled society to the core this week, and "Don't miss it" has been the word passed from one to another of those who love a real good laugh. On Tuesday evening there was a very fine turnout of smart people, and the bright theater re-echoed with their laughter. In particular the play seemed to appeal to one handsome young Osgood man, whose shouts of mirth awakened the renewed laughter of his neighbors. Some of those enjoying the vaudeville were Mr. and Mrs. G. Allen Case, Mr. A. and Mrs. Case, Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. and Miss Buchanan, Mr. Bowen, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Featherston Aylesworth.

Mrs. Will P. White will receive next Tuesday and Wednesday, and on each first Tuesday and Wednesday during the season.

Mrs. Charles O'Reilly gave a very pleasant tea on Thursday afternoon at her residence, 294 Sumach Street.

A very jolly and interesting banquet was that given to the visiting Englishmen who were the guests of the Manufacturers' Association on last Friday night. The Palm room at McConkey's was filled with the banqueters, the tables were lighted with some duplicates of those lovely silver openwork and silk-lined, crimson-shaded candles which were burnt up in the Pavilion. The second lot were just to hand in time for Friday's banquet. The Premier, Hon. Mr. Patterson, Hon. Mr. Harcourt, the Mayor, Mr. Osborne of Clover Hill, whose guest, Sir Albert Rolfe, was one of the guests of honor at the feast, were among the feasters on Friday. Some most interest-

ing speeches were made. A flag trophy was arranged above the chairman's place at the table of honor.

Mrs. Mulock's At Home is the largest function on this afternoon. The hostess has arranged to give this tea at McConkey's, and it is to be on from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

The smart young non-coms. of the Q.O.R. gave a very jolly dance last night at St. George's Hall, and the attendance was brilliant and chic.

Since his illness Mr. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick has not been in his usual robust form, and he and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have gone south for his health. Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Somerville have also gone south for the benefit of Mr. Somerville.

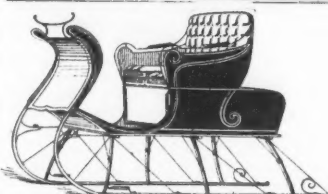
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Examinations for the year 1902-3 will be held as follows:

Theory (written), May 14th. Practical, during the month of May. (Notice of the exact dates will be duly given.) In addition to the Local Center and School Examinations, a Teachers' Certificate Examination (for individual Teaching Certificates and title of Licentiate of the Associated Board) will—for the first time in Canada—be held on the dates above mentioned.

Entries close on April 1st. Syllabuses, entry forms, specimen Theory papers, Music, and all information can be obtained from

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HOME RULE MEETING

The reception by Toronto Branch United Irish League to Home Rule Delegates will be held on Monday evening, December 1st, in Association Hall. Speakers:

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Births.

Spinks—November 9th, 45 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto, Mrs. J. Manley Spinks, of a son.

Leckenby—Nov. 25, Hamilton, Mrs. James K. Leckenby, a daughter.

Molyneux—Nov. 25, Lindsay, Mrs. F. C. M. Molyneux, a daughter.

Starr—Nov. 24, Toronto, Mrs. J. R. L. Starr, a daughter.

Field—Nov. 21, Cobourg, Mrs. Harry Field, a son.

Bowman—Nov. 20, Toronto, Mrs. John M. Bowman, a daughter.

Mulvey—Nov. 17, Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Mulvey, a daughter.

Hewitt—Nov. 21, Toronto, Mrs. W. A. Hewitt, a son.

Northway—Nov. 24, Toronto, Mrs. Jack Northway, a daughter.

Marriages.

Adams—Lick—At Oshawa, on Friday, Nov. 21st, by the Rev. Jas. Hodges, B.A., Ida V., youngest daughter of Josiah Lick, to W. J. Adams, of Toronto.

Ellenor—Phillips—Nov. 22, Toronto, Thomas H. Ellenor to Eleanor Phillips.

Ryan—McEwen—Nov. 19, Toronto, John T. Ryan to Bronacha McEwen.

Hardie—Crate—Toronto, John S. Crate to Louise M. Hardie.

Preston—Randall—Nov. 25, Toronto, John Preston, M.E.B.Sc., to Constance Louise Randall.

Begg—Angus—Nov. 25, Toronto, William R. Begg to Edith Susan Angus.

Vanzandt—Rice—Nov. 17, Toronto, Mervyn E. Vanzandt to Edith Martha Rice.

Deaths.

Clark—Nov. 20, Toronto, Alexander Clark, aged 83 years.

Sloan—Nov. 20, Churchill, Henry Sloan, aged 85 years.

Gamble—Nov. 23, Deer Park, Clarke Gamble, aged 94 years.

Allen—Nov. 25, Toronto, Mrs. Jane Allen, Hertzberg—Nov. 22, Toronto Junction, Dagmar Hertzberg, aged 8 years.

McLeod—Nov. 18, Vancouver, B.C., Angus McLeod, M.P.

Dunning—Nov. 22, Parkdale, Mrs. Selina Trembath Dunning, aged 73 years.

Creech—Nov. 23, Lambton Mills, Mrs. Charlotte Jane Creech.

Dickson—Nov. 22, Port Hope, Dr. J. R. Dickson.

Young—Nov. 22, Alberta, N.W.T., James Young, aged 64 years.

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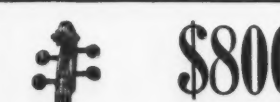
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HUMOR and philosophy are often at their best when yoked together, but it is seldom that a driver can be found who can run a straight furrow with these troublesome and skittish creatures hitched to the same plow. This, however, the author of "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" (Toronto: William Briggs) has succeeded in doing. The "Letters" are highly mirth-provoking, yet richly sensible. Almost every sentence from cover to cover is an epigram. The style is bright and picturesque. A genial humor pervades the paternal epistolary precepts old John Graham hands out to his son Pierrepoint at Harvard. College life as the jeunesse doree of the United States is faithfully reflected in the situations that develop and call out Graham senior's worldly-wise comments. Incidentally it may be said the moral tone of the book is bracing. A few examples of the many epigrams in which the book abounds are worth quoting here, apart from their context, although the flavor of them is thus very largely lost:

"There isn't any such thing as being your own boss in this world unless you're a tramp, and then there's the constable."

"A tactful man can pull the stinger from a bee without getting stung."

"Hot air can take up a balloon a long way, but it can't keep it there."

"Some men go through life on the Saraparilla Theory—that they've got to give a hundred doses of talk about themselves for every dollar they take in."

"I've always found worrying a blamed sight more uncertain than horse-raising—it's harder to pick a winner at it."

"I don't know anything that a young business man ought to keep more entirely to himself than his dislikes, unless it is his likes. It's generally expensive to have either, but it's bankruptcy to tell about them."

"The swamps are full of razor-backs—who'd rather make a million a night in their heads than five dollars a day in cash."

"A young fellow with the right sort of stuff in him preaches to himself harder than anyone else can."

"The first thing that any education ought to give a man is character, and the second thing is education."

"Education is about the only thing lying around loose in this world. Everything else is screwed down tight and the screw-driver lost."

J. M. Barrie's new book, "The Little White Bird" (Copp, Clark Company) marks something of a departure in his writing. It is a story of love, but not the love of a lover and his lass, or a mother for her son. It is the epic of the crusty old bachelor, and the love that is celebrated is the swelling tide of affection that dwells within him for the children that might have been his, and that have never come into being. The old bachelor, in this case, has no family ties of his own, and the current, diverted from its natural course, overflows first in the direction of David's father and mother. This is in the early days while they are still lovers, and he pleases himself by playing the part of invisible guardian over them and the new household they soon set up. It is his whim to remain unknown, and the young wife is not allowed to have speech with him, but she reads his heart at a distance, and humors all his whimsical ways. David is the little white bird of Kensington Gardens, and when he arrives, a close intimacy between the two begins at a very early stage. The old fellow loves the boy with an affection half fatherly, half motherly, and all woven in with tender day-dreams. David in his kicking, cooing babyhood; David in his perambulator in Kensington Gardens; and David at a little later period in close companionship with his middle-aged friend, revealing to the latter's charmed vision the wondering vistas of a child's opening mind, are pretty pictures, indeed. Barrie's characteristic humor plays through them all, and lights up with gay touches the whimsies and floating fancies of the romantic old boy.

Those who made the acquaintance of Mrs. Murray in "The Man from Glenagarry" will be delighted to hear more of her in Ralph Connor's latest book, "Glenagarry School Days" (Fleming H. Revell Company). And those who do not know her will find a treat in store for them. "Glenagarry School Days" is ready this week, and has been placed on sale at all book stores.

"Stella Frigilis" is the title of the new novel by Rider Haggard. It is reported that its subject marks a new departure for the author. Its first appearance will be in the character of a serial. Mr. Stanley Weyman's new novel is also to be published first as a serial. Its title is "The Long Night"—one that suggests the Arctic regions, though it probably means something pleasantly fantastic, in the fashion of the author's moon story.

Kipling's "Just So Stories" are exceedingly delightful and clever. Their style is imitatively quaint. The drawings by the author are unique, and as a new revelation of the genius of this remarkable man, perhaps outrank the text in interest. If Kipling had never been able to sell a line of verse or a page of prose, he could doubtless have made a good living as a pen-and-ink artist in another direction. The "Just So Stories," though ostensibly written for children, will be more fully appreciated by grown-ups. The Canadian edition is brought out by Morgan.

Algernon Charles Swinburne will shortly issue a collected edition of his poems. For the introductory volume, the poet will write a long account of his literary effort and of how he came to write the various books. This will take the form of a letter to his friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Here is a facetious announcement from "Life": "Roy Rolfe Gilson, author of 'Father,' 'Mother,' 'Grandfather,' 'Grandmother,' 'Aunt,' 'Uncle,' 'Brother,' 'Sister,' and the rest of the family, has entered into partnership with Martha Farquharson, the well-known authoress of 'Elsie Dinmore,' 'Elsie's Father,' 'Elsie's School days,' 'Elsie's Holidays,' 'Elsie's Marriage,' 'Grandmother Elsie,' 'Elsie's

Widowhood,' 'Elsie's Second Childhood,' and others. The first result of this notable literary union of minds is likely to be a family serial."

Extended titles for novels seem to be coming into fashion since George Meredith and then "John Oliver Hobbes" set the example. Here are two which "Punch" is responsible for: "The Evening Paper, Some Hot Water, and a Towel," "Two Bottles, a Biscuit, and a Peculiar Pickle."

Kidney Trouble.

A Disease That Often Terminates Fatally.

Mr. L. Lussier of Sorel Tells How He Overcame the Trouble After Repeated Failures.

There is no trouble more dangerous to life than disease of the kidneys, for the reason that before any special symptoms have made themselves manifest, the disease has usually assumed a formidable character. The symptoms that first manifest themselves are usually weakness in the small of the back, pains in the region of the loins. The urine is sometimes highly colored, while in other cases it is extremely pale, frequently depositing a sediment. As the trouble progresses these symptoms grow more severe, and frequently terminate in dropsy, Bright's disease or diabetes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all kidney troubles, and have cured many cases after all other medicines have failed. Mr. L. Lussier, a well-known navigator of Sorel, Que., gives his experience for the benefit of other sufferers. He says: "For several years I suffered very much from kidney trouble. The symptoms usually made themselves manifest by severe pains in the back and kidneys, and sometimes they would be so bad that I would be confined to my bed for several days at a time. I tried a number of different medicines, recommended for the trouble, but got no relief, and finally became so discouraged that I thought a cure was impossible, and stopped taking medicine. Shortly after this I read in our local paper of a case of kidney trouble cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this induced me to try this medicine. I soon felt that these pills were not like the other medicines I had been taking, for in the course of a few weeks I began to experience great relief. I continued taking the pills for a couple of months, by which time all symptoms of the trouble had disappeared, and I have not since had the slightest return of the disease. These pills also strengthened me in other ways, and I believe them to be the best of all medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich and nourish the blood and strengthen the nerves. It is thus that they cure such troubles as dyspepsia, kidney ailments, rheumatism, partial paralysis, heart troubles, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of misery. Do not take any pills without the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Victim of Good Luck.

By Barry Pain.

"WELL, now," said the Philanthropist, when the Criminal had finished his tea, "let us see what can be done in your case. You struck a policeman engaged in the execution of his duty."

"I did," said the Criminal, with something rather near to an air of self-satisfaction. "I struck him hard."

"You are poor and in rags. Yet you pronounce of the as-pirate, your manner of taking tea, and several other points about you would seem to indicate that you were once in a better position."

"I was."

"And what brought you to poverty? What maddened you to crime? The answer is but too obvious. Drink. O my dear friend! O my poor brother!"

"One moment," said the Criminal rather emphasizing a slight drawl; "you have helped in a friendly way to me in offering hospitality, and I have shown equal friendliness in accepting it. But when it comes to 'brother' it seems to me that you are introducing a family complication which is—er—unnecessary. Now let me put one question to you. You assign, correctly enough, my downfall to drink. To what do you assign the drink? Why did I take to it?"

"Our natures are frail and sinful. Even for the best of us it is a constant struggle with the power of evil. We can but—"

"Yes, yes," said the Criminal, "all very true, no doubt. And, while granting it, I may tell you that I assign my downfall to my natural generosity and to a quite exceptional stroke of good luck."

"I don't think," said the Philanthropist plaintively, "that you should treat me in this way, and make fun of a well-meant effort to help you on the—"

"My dear sir," said the Criminal, "excuse me of anything else you like, but not of an error of taste. I speak in all seriousness, and I will prove it by telling you my story. But let me first enquire if you are acquainted with the American game of draw poker, for the story turns upon that."

The Philanthropist was quite well acquainted with it. In his unregenerate days—as a young man at Cambridge—he had played it a good deal. But he was a little ashamed of admitting it.

"It is part of my duty," he said, "to be acquainted with the so-called games of these deplorable gambling games. My knowledge is superficial, of course, and very much a matter of hearsay."

"That's all right," said the Criminal. "I wasn't asking you to play. In the days of my prosperity I was in the habit of playing poker every evening at the club."

"I need not say that by the rules of the club poker was most strictly forbidden; in fact, we always called it Californian whist in consequence. The play was never outrageous, but it was fairly high sometimes. However, we could all afford to lose, except one—a mere boy. He was a nice boy in many ways, but a fool. So far as the game went he was not in our class. He always insisted on playing, and he invariably lost."

"Naturally, if you're playing too high for your means you get nervous, and that means that you get frightened out when you ought to stay with it, and you altogether overdo the bluff yourself. At

least," the Philanthropist added, "so I am informed."

"Correct. Well, we were playing one night, and a pot of about \$500 was opened for a sovereign, and the opening was raised twice—the last time it was by the boy, and I could see easily enough by his voice and manner that he was very good. I had nothing that I could keep. However, I had won more of the boy's money than I wanted, and I thought I would help to make the pot up for him. So I said I didn't mind buying five cards for three sovereigns, and put my money in."

"You were dealing, of course, being the last to speak?"

"Quite so. The opener on my left took two cards. The next man had stopped out. The first raiser also took two, the boy stood pat, and I helped myself to five. The opener bet, was seen by the next man, and raised the limit by the boy. I picked up my cards as a matter of form; I had no expectation of getting anything, and I had only come in to lose. And there in my hand was a straight flush—the first and only time I ever held one."

"Joker in?" asked the Philanthropist. "We never used it. There's no sense in a hand of five aces. Naturally, I raised the limit again. The other two dropped out, and the boy and I went at it doing down. I didn't want his money. I implored him to see me and stop."

"Why didn't you see him, if you wanted it stopped?"

"I held a straight flush, and I am a poker-player."

"The temptation was great, I admit."

"Temptation? Why, it was an absolute necessity to play that hand for everything there was. The boy saw me at last, when he stood to lose a couple of hundred. He had four kings, and it was hard work for him to smile prettily when he saw my straight flush. However, I will cut my story short. The boy paid me, and he stole money in order to do it. The theft was found out, and he hushed up, but he left the club, and the talk went round about me; I had a dealer given the boy four kings, and I had given myself a straight flush, and the age of miracles is past. Now, I have done almost everything else, but I have never cheated at cards. And if I had cheated I should have given myself that straight flush in two lots and not all together. No one accused me, or could have accused me, but I was not exactly welcomed. The thing got on my nerves, and then—not until then—I took to drink. The drunkard is never a good gambler. I lost my money. I got into bad company. And the rest you have seen for yourself."

"An extraordinary story," said the Philanthropist. "I must think it over. Come and see me to-morrow at this time, and we will see what can be done for you."

"With pleasure. Thank you very much."

"Of course," said the Philanthropist, as he assisted the Criminal with his very shabby overcoat, "you should have kept to your first generous impulse; and the moment you saw what your hand was you should have thrown it face downward on the rubbish heap and gone out."

"Could you have done it? Could St. Augustine himself have done it? Could anybody on earth have done it? No, the luck was too good. Too good to be true."

In a remote corner of the park the Criminal examined the pair of sugar tongs and the teaspoon that he drew from his pocket. "Plated," he said to himself; "I was afraid so at the time."

"Black and White."

Excusable Crime.

THE craving for seeing a fellow-creature done to death on the stage, or for reading about it in a novel, has a strange fascination for many estimable people. It is singular how anything unnatural is regarded in this country as very correct and proper; while many things that are quite in the ordinary healthy course of nature are regarded as sinful in the first degree, writes Arnold Golsworthy in "Ainslee's."

If you write an affecting little story about a man and a woman who loved each other very much, but eventually overlooked the customary visit to church before settling matters, many people will refuse to read your book on the ground that it is sinful, and the librarians will push it back at you with righteous indignation. But if you pen a dainty story of a bad man waylaid by the little heiress, who stands between him and the family estates, and dashing her into eternal rest with a brick, the same good people will probably scramble over one another in their haste to absorb the lovely details.

In the first case, you will have dealt with a phenomenon deliberately designed by Nature; and, as we all know, Nature is really painfully ignorant on the subject of how to run the earth. In the second place, you have unearthed a vile crime, that is so far unnatural as to be happily extremely rare—and, as we live in topsy-turvy times, you have provided a subject that good people can read without feeling at all sinful in consequence.

If the villain meets the heroine on the cliffs, and offers her a furnished flat on the West Side and five thousand dollars a year for pocket money, respectable people shudder at the idea and speak harshly of the book and its author. But if the villain, with a wild cry of rage, springs at the fair girl's dainty white throat and hurls her over the edge of the beetling cliffs, so that she is dashed to squish on the rocks below—that is all right. There is nothing improper there. We can take that story home. I saw a play, recently, in which the villain of the piece was a really beautiful specimen of rascality. He bribed the heiress's grandmother to bring the little victim down to the river, and then he picked the child up in a hurry and drowned it. As he was not able to finish his choice job before he was disturbed, he made off when about halfway through, so that the little child could be brought back to die on the stage.

I do not think that anyone with his coat off and both hands free could imagine anything more atrocious than a scene like that. I didn't hear, however, that the public had objected to the incident in any way; though, I believe, some years ago they had objected to a public performance because some of the ladies had their dresses cut too low in the neck, or too high at the knees, or something of that sort. I think the idea was that it wouldn't be correct for a young man to see a lady in public in

such scanty attire, but a nice, choice exhibition of child murder was evidently calculated to do him a lot of good.

When writing a book or a play, nowadays, that will depend for its success on the patronage of respectable people, it is always safer to whack in a liberal lot of murder, rather than to deal with people who ought to be married, but aren't. A total stranger, arriving in this country and wallowing off-hand in our popular literature, would get the idea that murder was an everyday occupation for most of us, and that only the bad people ever had any idea as to what a lady looks like with her jacket off.

Women and Genius.

WOMEN are seldom born with genius. They achieve genius through an unhappy love. Therefore, a happy woman does not deliberately become a great author, a great artist, or a great actress. Happy women are never famous. And famous women are seldom happy. Fame is what women pay for an unachieved happiness.

I wonder if men know that so few women that we might almost say no woman who is perfectly happy ever seeks a career? No happily married or rightly loved woman ever seeks a career. The desire for a career for a woman is an acknowledgment of heart failure.

This is practically because we have so few homes in America. We have private hotels where each family eats and sleeps, but where family life and smooth housekeeping are unknown. If I were a woman seeking a career, I would go to some of my rich and prosperous friends and offer to turn the house into a home. I have only recently learned of the term "working housekeeper." I like it. There should be more of them. It is distinctly the career for an unmarried woman who loves love and home and children, and above all, housekeeping. Housekeeping is the most fascinating occupation in the world. Something new is always appearing in somebody's house which would go so well in yours! What a delight to adopt it and, in the course of adoption, to improve on it a little! Some new appliance for shading the light for tired eyes; some new luxury of head or book rest. The possibilities of housekeeping, the old-fashioned, comfortable sort, with the luxuries of modern invention, are never ending, and every ounce of effort and thought produces happiness and content.—"Harper's Bazar."

Trusted.

Physician—I can't diagnose your wife's case at all. She seems to have a sprained neck, lumbago in the back, rheumatic knees and gout in both feet.

Waggle—I know what it is. She was reading in the cozy corner and happened to fall asleep.

Why the Messenger Boy Ran.

Jimmy—Dat new kid seems ter be in an awful hurry.

Jerry—Dat's all right. He ain't carryin' no message. He's goin' up to de news-stand ter git de new book about "Cross-eyed Chris, de Crafty Crackman."

So Much More Interesting.

Small daughter (tired of playing alone)—Mummy, when I get to heaven shall I always play wif angels?

Mother—Yes, my darling.

Mummy, don't you think that if I've been vewy, vewy dood all the mornin' playin' wif angels, in the afternoon p'waps God will give me a lickie devil to play wif?—Ex.

"A dainty holiday book."

—Mail and Empire.

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By VIRNA SHEARD.

A MAID OF MANY MOODS

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"My wife has used your Lung Tonic regularly for nearly nine months, and as far as we can judge, it has given her a new lease of life. We feel it to be a duty to testify this." B. P. CLUCK, Redland, Bristol.



Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—Mrs. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks Produce Displacements.

Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started. The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. Lelah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony."

"I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

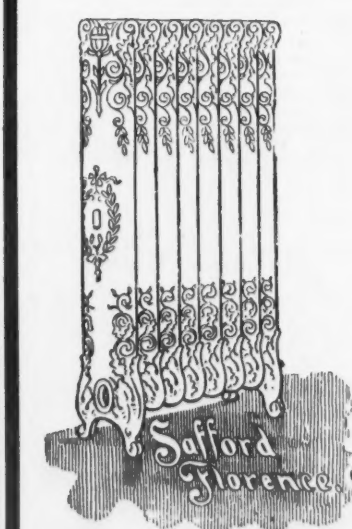
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

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Malicious Tricks of Servants.

"I HAVE heard of hobo marks," said a much enduring housekeeper recently; "of the tramp hieroglyphics which are frequently written on the outside of houses and at the entrance of country places, each of which has a meaning which is perfectly intelligible and unnoticeable to the unsuspecting household, but which is as clear as A, B, C to the members of the ragged fraternity. But, although I have been keeping house for many years, I never knew until very lately that a certain class of servants, who might well be called domestic tramps, on account of constantly changing their places, actually boycott a house where they are 'not suited,' by writing their opinions of the place and the family, and leaving the malicious little scribbles in places where the new-comers will easily find them. Every housekeeper in moderate circumstances has experienced at times an inapprehensible period of change, when it seems as if her home was actually 'hoodooed.' Cooks come out and leave almost immediately, without any apparent reason. Waitresses and chambermaids, who seemed willing and anxious to please when engaged, turn suddenly sulky, and declare that the work is too hard for them. Until lately I had had servants stay with me for years at a time, and I could not understand why for a couple of months I was obliged to do nothing but haunt intelligence offices and change servants. I appreciated the fact that middle class servants are almost invariably nomadic, that the best of them sooner or later will desire 'a change,' and give warning, but I had always quickly filled their places, and always believed that I had what is called a very good place—i. e., easy work, regular hours and kind treatment. This year, however, everything seemed changed, and I was at my wit's end to discover why my house had suddenly become so unpopular. Finally I succeeded in getting a really good Swedish woman as cook, and after she had been with me some time she told me the secret. 'When I came here,' she said, 'I found writings everywhere in my language on the shelves in the storeroom, on the kitchen dresser, upstairs in my room—all saying the place was a very hard one, and that you were not a nice lady. These writings were written by one girl, but were signed by everyone who left, so I saw there must have been eight or ten girls in a few weeks. Of course, I thought I would go right away, too, and was ready to leave when you came into the kitchen and looked so pleasant that I thought I would stay and see for myself.' I had dismissed the first girl who started all the trouble for incompetency, and she took this way of having her revenge. The others, scared by her account, left of their own accord, but with malicious comradeship added their names to the score against me, so that my arraignment rapidly grew in importance with every fresh signature, and it was a wonder that I ever got anyone to stay at all."

There is a certain freemasonry, too, among servants of a certain class who have gone about among prominent people, and a spiteful nature may cause a great deal of inconvenience. A certain fashionable woman who is kind-hearted and generous to everyone had reason for dismissing her French maid without a character, and found to her surprise that it was very difficult to replace her. After several unsuccessful quests she answered an advertisement which seemed promising, and told the woman to call upon her. In reply she received a postal, with the one word, "connue" written on the blank side of the card. "It gave me such a shock!" she said plaintively. "I felt as if I was quite a bad character."

Memories of the "City of Rome."

A DESPATCH from Europe a few days ago contained the information that the steamship "City of Rome," well known to many travelers, after traveling across the Atlantic between New York and Glasgow for twenty-one years, was to be broken up for old junk. One of the last of her type, to which the "City of Paris" and the "City of New York," now the "Philadelphia" and the "New York," belonged, she is giving way to a more modern and speedier boat, the "Columbia." Like the "Paris" and the "New York," which have been remodelled at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars, she had a graceful clipper bow and three stacks. Her lines were particularly graceful. In her prime she was one of the largest passenger carriers afloat. She could accommodate about two thousand persons, and had in her cabin on one voyage more than five hundred passengers.

The building of the "City of Rome," which was launched at the yards of the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, at Barrow-in-Furness, England, in 1881, was connected with the demise of the old Inman Line. This line had ordered the steamer. When it was completed the company sued the builders for a sum of money, alleging that the steamer did not fulfil the contract. The builders refused to deliver the steamer, and chartered her to another line.

In her early days the "City of Rome" used to make the trip between Glasgow and New York in seven days.

Many well-known persons crossed on her. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," came over on the "City of Rome" to visit the colony at Rugby, Tenn., which he aided in founding. That particular trip received wide newspaper notice at the time because of the action of the well-known author and other passengers, who complained to the agents of the line that buccarut was played in both the smoking-room and the reception room for large stakes, and boys were permitted to see the play and to take part. When Henry Irving first visited America in 1883 he sent his company over on the "City of Rome." Some of those in the company who crossed on the "Rome" at that time were Bram Stoker, Archer A. Andrews, Meredith Ball, Norman Forbes, Charles Larbury, Mr. and Mrs. Howson, Mr. Harwood, Henry Howes, who died and was buried at Cleveland, at the age of eighty years, while on a recent tour with the company; H. Lowther, W. Mayland, G. Johnson, Miss L. Harwood, Miss Jessie Millward and William Ferriss, who was murdered in England a few years ago. Gerald Massey, the poet, was also a passenger on that trip. It was a notable trip in some respects. Mr. Massey wrote a poem for the entertainment given for the benefit of the Seaman's Orphanage at Liverpool. Mr. Ball set it to music,

and it was afterward published for the benefit of the orphanage. On September 12, 1898, Admiral Cervera, his staff and more than seventeen hundred of the sailors of the Spanish fleet destroyed at Santiago sailed for Santander, Spain, on the "City of Rome."

Many clergymen crossed the Atlantic on this steamship. On one trip a passenger celebrated the fact that there were more than three dozen ministers of different denominations in the cabin by composing a ballad on the lines of "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." It was entitled "The Yarn of the City of Rome," and ran as follows:

'Twas on the steamship "City of Rome,"
Of the good old Anchor Line,
That I saw on the deck a human wreck,
Who was gazing into the brine.

He'd a hymnbook clasped beneath each arm,
He'd a clerical collar white,
And again and again a single strain
He recited with all his might:

"Oh, I am a U-n-l-t-a-r-i-a-n,
And a Presbyterian, too,
And a Baptist bold (though baptism's cold),
And I am also a true Hebrew!"

Then he shrieked a hymn out through his nose,
And a sailor near dropped dead,
As I watched the sailor's dying throes
I spoke to him and said:

"Oh, it's little I know of religion, so
You'll please explain to me,
For I'll eat my vest, if I can digest
How possibly you can be

"A Unitarian, a Presbyterian,
A Baptist, and a Hebrew?
That's religion enough for the passengers,
The captain, and all his crew."

He ran his hands through his priestly hair,
Stopped howling through his nose,
And there on the deck this religious wreck
Related to me his woes.

"'Twas on this good ship 'City of Rome'
I sailed for the English coast,
To be free from care, sniff salt sea air,
And eat sardines on toast.

"And all was merry as a marriage bell,
And the ship her proud head reared;
When a great misfortune us befell—
Three dozen preachers appeared.

"They preached that night in the music hall,
Till about half-past eleven,
Then out on the deck began to bawl,
And began next morn at seven.

"At breakfast time we had long prayers,
And soon we all got thinner;
For, by way of easing all our cares,
They gave us hymns for dinner.

"And one by one the passengers died;
And, as each one gave up breath,
The verdict of the doctor was:
'This man was preached to death.'

"Till I was the only one man left
Of all that went to sea,
And I was of reason almost bereft
When they got converting me.

"And one of them made me a Baptist bold,
And a Unitarian another,
Then I entered the Presbyterian fold,
And I called a Hebrew 'brother.'

"So I never cease to howl my hymns,
And I never cease to pray;
And a single strain, again and again,
I sing, which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a U-n-l-t-a-r-i-a-n,
And a Presbyterian, too,
And a Baptist bold (though baptism's cold),
And I am also a good Hebrew.'"

A Chair of Courtship and Marriage.

M. JAMES L. FORD, in the course of an article in "Munsey's Magazine," sets out to show that in the highest institutions of female learning there is one study too few instead of ten too many; and the thing that is needed is a chair of courtship and matrimony.

"To study the curriculum of a women's college is to become deeply impressed with the fact that no matter how wide or deep may be the range of learning placed at the disposal of the students, the most essential study of womanhood has been strangely neglected. There is not a single women's college in the land which has a chair of courtship and matrimony. When I become rich it is my intention to establish and endow one at some leading seat of feminine education. My chair of courtship and matrimony is not designed to teach girls how to attract the male of their species—most of them are born with a fuller comprehension of that engrossing art than I could give them—but rather to aid them in the far less understood and vastly more important matter of selection. I would also suggest a post-graduate course of lectures in regard to the best scheme for retaining a husband after he has been chosen.

"I shall stipulate in my deed of endowment that the incumbent of this chair of courtship and matrimony shall be a woman of mature years, high native intelligence and great social experience. I should prefer one who had herself been courted and married, and shall endeavor to secure one who has also undergone the experience of divorce. It shall be her duty to lecture three times a week on the perils of modern society, and to illustrate her discourse, whenever possible, by placing on the platform specimens of the different types of men that a young girl may expect to encounter when she leaves college and begins to take up the serious duties of life.

"The first thing that I would desire the incumbent of my chair of courtship and matrimony to impress upon her undergraduate hearers is the fact that to make a really good match in this country it is necessary to wed either a pauper or a multi-millionaire. The man who possesses a small income, and has not sufficient energy to work as if he had none at all, is to be avoided like the plague, as he will make a most unsatisfactory husband.

"It will be impossible, of course, for the chair of matrimony to discuss within the brief limits of a college course all the kinds of men that should be avoided, but it can at least sound a warning note in regard to some of those with whom the young girl graduate is likely to be brought in contact under present social conditions. In the choosing of a multi-millionaire she should seek advice, not from my chair, but from someone who is quick at figures, as it is a mere matter of dollars; but in regard to the others, she should be carefully instructed during her college course.

"There is no variety of the male of our species better deserving of conscientious consideration at the hands of this instructor than that which the impulsive and inexperienced woman delights to brand as 'interesting.' I positively shudder when I hear a young girl express a preference for a man because he is so 'interesting,' and I know that she is on the



"Take me for life, dear Miss Toronto, or I cannot keep that appointment with General Booth at the Pearly Gates."

wrong road to happiness when she rejects the attentions of anyone of the ground that, although he may be honest and truthful and sincere, he is 'not interesting.'

"The Interesting Actor is a particularly dangerous type of fakir, because he not only carries with him the glamor of his profession, but also has so many unoccupied evenings on his hands—thanks to a popular taste that does not always go astray—that he has better opportunities than his fellow-players, who are busy on the stage, to make the acquaintance of impressionable young women, and to convince them by his persistent talk about himself and his 'art' that he is as interesting as they would like to believe him.

Another type who will serve to illustrate a discourse is the Interesting Artist who has never learned how to draw. He possesses, however, a fine vocabulary of the clatter of the profession, and always sneers at anything that is popular. A favorite pose of his is that of the neglected genius who is starving in a garret because his work is too good for the world to appreciate. The Interesting Literary Man occurs in endless variety in the pathway of the young graduate, and requires a special course of lectures to himself. To begin with, there is the Interesting Playwright, who has been writing dramas for several years, and who hopes that an artistic revolution will one day place in control of a metropolitan theater some manager with a soul above the box-office and a brain capable of appreciating really good work. The Interesting Poet is also well worthy of the attention of the incumbent of my chair of courtship and matrimony. He is at least true to one ancient poetic tradition in that he wears long hair, and has always in stock a smile of singularly sweet and sympathetic sadness, which he produces on special occasions as children produce their company manners. After having listened to the full course of lectures on the men whom they are to shun, each graduating class should have an opportunity to meet some really interesting and accomplished man who can tell them something about poetry, art and letters."

Wolsley and Melba.

Lord Wolsley, hero of campaigns, has met defeat in an engagement of wits, relates an English paper. He has been vanquished by a woman. The victor in the little dinner-table tilt was Mme. Melba, and the scene of the occurrence the house of a member of the aristocracy.

Mme. Melba at this dinner was seated at the right of Lord Wolsley, who was at the right of the hostess of the evening. Lord Wolsley at the beginning of the dinner asked of the hostess, "Who is the lady at my right?"

"Why, that is Mme. Melba."

"Who is Mme. Melba?"

"Is it possible that your lordship does not know the great singer?"

"Oh, yes, born in Australia, I believe. And with that the general applied himself to the course then served. After a few minutes he turned to the prima donna, greeted her pleasantly, and said, "You are an Australian, I believe, madam? I

know a great deal about your country. My brother lives in Melbourne."

"And pray, sir, what is the name of your brother?" the singer, naively enquired.

"Goodness! Why, his name is the same as mine, Wolsley," answered the surprised officer.

"Who is Wolsley? I do not recall having heard that name," Mme. Melba explained.

"Why, I am General Wolsley," replied the astonished officer.

"Wolsley? Wolsley? Wolsley?" whispered the singer, as if appearing to refresh her memory. And then the general applied himself again to the food. He had learned his lesson.

The Programme.

Stella—I've accepted Charley. Bella—When did he propose? Stella—He's going to to-night.—"Bazar."

A Raw Specimen.

Misses—Can you draw this fowl, Bridget?

Bridget (who has been brought up on prattles and buttermilk)—No, mum; Oi can't write, let alone draw!

The Only Way Out.

Knicker—Gassolene says he must cut down expenses. Can't afford to support

Corticelli

Home Needlework.

"Onward" is the watchword of the "Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine." Great changes and improvements are under way, and the next number will surpass all previous issues. The magazine will be increased in size to that of the regular standard publications, the dimensions of the pages being 6 1/2 x 9 1/4 inches. It will be handsomely printed from new type and on fine book paper, and will contain a vast amount of valuable information on lovers of art needlework, decoré crochet, drawn embroidery, etc. The usual number of beautiful colored plates will appear, as well as many handsome designs and patterns for holiday gifts.

Owing to the extensive improvements made in the magazine, the price after January 1st will be 50 cents per year for the four issues, or single copies 15 cents, but orders from now till the first of the year will be received at the old rate of 35c. or 10c. for sample copy. Address Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, St. John's, P.Q. Write for the great premium offers now being made.

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Mention this paper.

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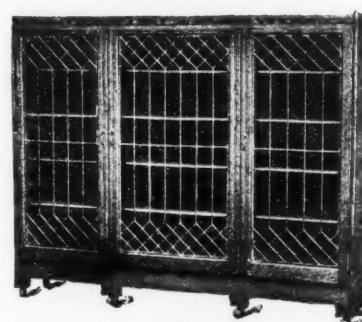
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a wife and five children and keep an automobile going any longer. Bocker—Can't he get some of his friends to adopt the children?—"Harper's Bazar."

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keep track of her friends' reception days. —"Judge."

"The new railroad has been a great blessing to us," says a rural exchange; "in less than six weeks we got enough damages out of it to build a town hall and grade the cemetery. A few more enterprises of this kind, and our town will rise to heights undreamed of in the history of new settlements!"—Atlanta "Constitution."

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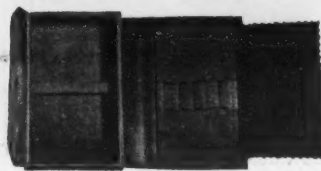
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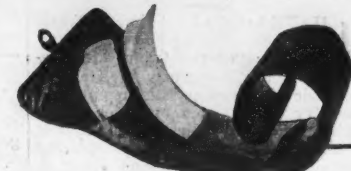
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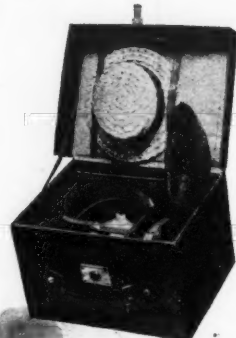
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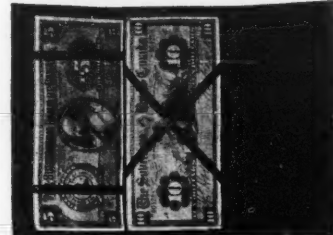
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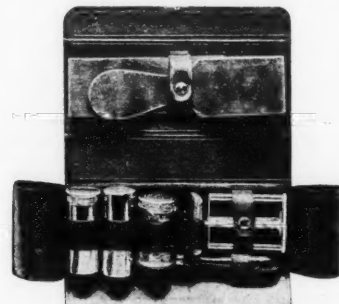
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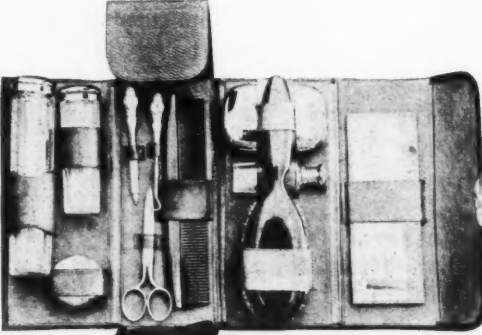
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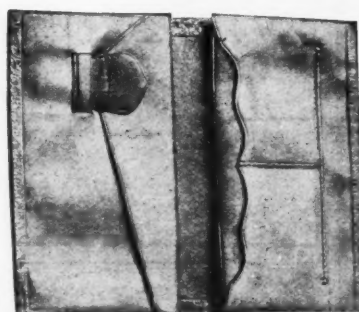
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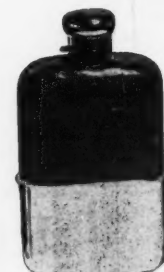
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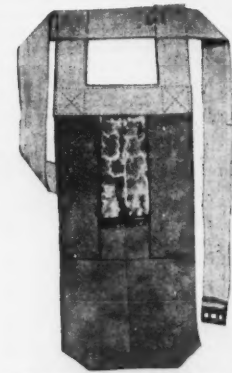


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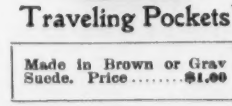
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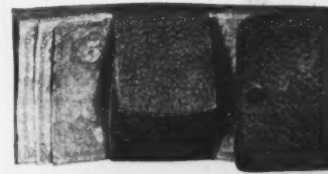
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